

Catholic Digest

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Volume 11

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Number 5

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*T*aught by the Holy Ghost, the holy Apostles ordained a strict fast to be kept upon these days; that, by sharing together in the cross of Christ, we too may take our part in some way in that which He did for us, as the Apostle says: If we suffer with Him, we shall also be glorified with Him. Sure and certain is the hope of promised bliss, where there is a participation in the passion of the Lord.

St. Leo in Matins of Passion Sunday.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found —let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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The Centurion Goes to Mass

By N. H. GASCOIGNE

Condensed from the
New Zealand Tablet*

CLAUDIUS, centurion of the Roman eagles, makes his way to the Breaking of Bread. Claudius is no longer a catechumen. The waters of Baptism flowed on his head the previous Easter, and from out those waters he rose a new man. He knows that within him are powers so tremendous that one day he will see God, and, using those supernatural powers, will have strength enough to gaze upon the dazzling majesty and beauty of the divine Presence and still have strength to continue to live. With the supernatural virtue of charity infused into his immortal soul at Baptism his powers of loving will be so immense that as a son he will share in his Father's unceasing activity; he will love what God loves and after the way that God loves. Claudius the centurion is not troubled by human respect. He walks the streets of that frontier town knowing that he is a son of God.

The long instructions of his catechumen days have borne their fruit.

The ceaseless repetition of the doctrine that had been the recurring theme of all Paul the Apostle's writings, the fellowship of the sons of God in the mystical Body of Christ, has made Claudius the centurion open his eyes to seemingly illimitable vistas. As for himself, he knows that such is his newly gained status, that he can dare to address the Creator of the universe by that most affectionate and intimate of terms, "Father." He knows as well that he can address the greatest woman who ever lived by the word, "Mother." And from the moment of his Baptism he realized that the Son of God incarnate was to him his Brother. Are they not both sons of God, the One, the real Son of God, co-equal with the Father, the other, adopted of the Father?

But this too, Claudius never forgets, that he was not the only person adopted by the Father of heaven and earth. Caius, a centurion of the legions like himself, was baptized on the same day

*P. O. Box 353, Dunedin, New Zealand. Dec. 23, 1946.

last Easter, and Claudia, his wife, and Cecilia, his daughter, were baptized likewise. The same Father who took such interest in him and loved him to such an extent that He willed to adopt him into His family circle, did no less for Caius, Claudia, and Cecilia. All three must needs have a new relationship to him now, something more than friend, wife, daughter. Have they not the same Father as he has, the same Mother, the same elder Brother? And what does that mean, as he beholds Caius and turns his eyes towards Claudia and Cecilia? He is related by blood to Cecilia, true, but is there not something now, ever since that Easter morning which changed his life and hers, something more enduring, deeper than blood, which relates him to her? Does not the same Christ-life which is eternal, and not mortal as is blood, pulsate and flow through both their beings? Do they not both live now with the very same supernatural life of grace drawn from one and the same source, Christ, their elder Brother? Are they not both members of one and the same Body, the mystical Body of Christ which is the Church? Daughter she is to him by blood, but she is an adopted daughter of God. So, too, he realizes, is Claudia, his wife. He can never behold them now without his realizing what they really are to him. He, an adopted son, they, adopted daughters, and therefore, his sisters in Christ. Both are members of his household, but since Easter members as well of a greater household, infinitely wider in scope, fellow members of

the family of God and household of the faith, as Paul taught the Ephesians. He thinks of Caius, his life-long friend. Caesar had forged a bond that binds them, fellow centurions of his legions that they are, but he knows now that he is bound to Caius by a bond stronger than any that could be forged by mortal hands. Caius is his brother in Christ, and because of that, to be loved with the love that a brother should show a brother.

His eyes stray across the market square, and he beholds a Nubian slave, a man of a different race, color and social status. What moved him most last Easter was that beside Claudia, Cecilia and Caius, this Nubian slave had been baptized, indeed with as much ceremony as attended his own Baptism.

Only last week at the Breaking of Bread, the centurion and the Nubian had gone forward to a divine banquet table. Both had received invitations in their souls from the same Father and both had been fed of the same Food. Their elder Brother had made no distinction between one who was a slave and another who was a Roman citizen.

Claudius was indeed a new man these last few months. He cast his mind back and compared himself with what he was before belief in the Nazarene had changed all his life. Claudius, the pagan, what had been his estimate of a man outside his family circle? What his estimate, above all, of a man not a Roman citizen? How the horizons of his life had widened, now that he realized that every baptiz-

ed person was his brother, his sister. There was indeed something more in life than gaining the favor of Caesar. What was his rank as a centurion of the legions, now that he was a son of God? And now, as he strode the streets of that frontier outpost, what was he about to do?

He remembered the first time he had been permitted to enter the house where the Breaking of Bread was to take place. The little cluster of the baptized, the table upon which he had heard the Sacrifice was to be offered. The Christian priest leading the people in the reciting of the Psalms of David, and he, a catechumen, permitted to say them aloud and in common with the others. Then, following in swift succession, the magnificent prayer giving glory to God, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. He recalled the prayers said in common that had followed, and the reading of the letter of instruction from one who had been known as an Apostle of the Lord, Paul. He remembered that he could not help thinking what a man had been lost to the Roman legions — the courage of the man so apparent, the zeal, the fire.

His mind retraced itself, and he relived that first occasion when he had entered the house of Sacrifice. He recalled the awe that had been his as he listened to the words of Christ enshrined in the extract from the Gospels which was read following the reading of the Epistle; the simple instruction that had followed, bringing to light the hidden beauties of imperishable words; and finally, the attestation of

belief in all the Nazarene had preached and willed, the Creed. How he had longed to remain, to take active part in the Sacrifice that had followed. But no. That was not for him, a catechumen. There had been the words of dismissal, and Claudia, Cecilia, and he had left the house.

He knew now why they were dismissed. He could see now why no unbaptized person could take active part in the offering of the Sacrifice. For had he not been told what had come to his soul with the living waters of Baptism? Those strange words, an indelible seal, a sacramental character, and what was it but a sharing in the highest office of Jesus Christ, a sharing in His priesthood? Claudio the centurion rose from the waters of Baptism, able not merely to sit passive and watch the Christian Sacrifice go on before his eyes, as once Roman soldiers, and indeed, a centurion, had watched at Calvary. Claudio, the centurion, knew that by his Baptism he had been incorporated into Christ, vested with priestly powers, able thereby to carry out his highest duty as a creature towards his Creator in offering Sacrifice to Him who had chosen out of love to adopt him as His son. Confirmation had followed closely upon his Baptism, another sacramental seal had been given him, but what was that but a further sharing in the priesthood of Christ, a further consecration, sealed by the sacred oil of chrism, setting him permanently apart to offer sacrifice and promulgate the Gospel? Confirmed, he was able, even more

than the merely baptized, to offer the Christian Sacrifice.

He had no doubts in his mind about that which he could not do. It would need a third sacramental seal, that given one in Holy Orders, to give the real power of continuing the Sacrifice of Calvary. Neither he, nor Claudia, nor Cecilia, no one unordained, ever could take bread into his hands and change it into the Body of Christ, nor take wine and change it into the Blood of Christ. But he was under no misapprehension regarding the greatness of his privilege as a layman at the Christian Sacrifice.

The centurion had left the market square behind him. He turned into a narrow street, and the building in which the Sacrifice was to be offered loomed in sight. Well that he had left home early, for he had been in such meditative mood that he had been stopped often in his tracks, as the wonder of what he now was had burst upon him afresh. But he was halted once again. That legionary he had had to correct two days before, a fellow Christian. Had he been too severe in his reprimand? In a few moments, both men, centurion and legionary, would be side by side, bidden to perform an action which above all called for unity, for fellowship of man with man, for an absence of rancor between brother and brother. How many times in his instructions had he not been told that the Nazarene had said that if any man has anything against his brother, let him first be reconciled to his brother and then, and only then,

let him come and offer his gift at the altar. They must meet as brothers if they were not to make a mockery of the symbol of unity. All his upbringing as a Roman, all the traditions associated with his office as a centurion rose up before him. A centurion asking for forgiveness of a man in the ranks!

He could not beat down his conscience. He quickened his pace, called his name, and Claudius, centurion of the Roman eagles, asked forgiveness. Could Claudius have seen the practice and attitude of many a Catholic of the 20th century in regard to the Sacrifice, he would have been appalled. He would have asked, where was the sense of community? He would have wondered if many a Catholic had forgotten that Sacrifice was a communal action, not something merely going on before one's eyes, while the individual followed his own whims, said what prayers he liked, and forgot that by his Baptism he had been given a rare talent to be used, a sharing in the priesthood of Christ.

Claudius would have been the first to affirm that it was this communal act of offering the Sacrifice, together with the communal act of all being fed the same Food following the offering of the Sacrifice, that gave the Christians of his time that sense of unity and fellowship which steadied them as the Roman might hurled itself against the infant Church.

I think no one will wonder what would be the answer of Claudius if a Catholic boy of today could ask him

why he was going to the Breaking of Bread, or to the Mass, as we call it today.

"You ask me why I am going now to the Breaking of Bread. I shall tell you. I am going to join with my brothers and sisters in Christ in the offering of the eternal Sacrifice to God, our Father.

"I am about to use the sharing in the priesthood of Christ given to me at my Baptism, and further bestowed upon me at my Confirmation, and I shall give to my Father in heaven His Son, Jesus Christ, made present on the altar by the power of the ordained priest. I am going to offer myself, my life, all the difficulties of my life, those things which place me in a victim state, in short, everything that I am and have, to Him who gave me all. I shall be fulfilling my first duty as a creature to my Creator. I shall be paying to my God the highest form of adoration within my power. The personal offering of myself will be rendered more perfect by the very fact that I offer myself in the Christian Sacrifice, because my elder Brother, Christ, with whom I am united, whose life flows through me, will be offered along with me to His Father who is mine as well. In addition, I shall be offered by Christ Himself to His Father, for today He offers not only Himself but the whole of that Body of which I am a member."

Leave Claudius, and come to the Catholic of today. Think of the words of Pius XI as he deplored the "silent

spectators" of the Mass. Think of the many who come to Mass only because they are obliged so to do under the penalty of grave sin. But at the thought of Holland which has made the dialogue Mass almost a universal practice, and the remembrance of the words of Archbishop Curley of Baltimore and Washington, "Within ten years the dialogue Mass will be the normal parochial Mass of America," turn to the words of Bishop White of Spokane, which were uttered nearly 20 years ago.

"There is lacking among the vast majority of Catholics in our country that active participation in the Mass that the Church so eagerly desires. Not to mention the great number who are little more than spectators during the Mass; not to mention that other class whose prayers are principally for some pressing temporal need, prayers said without any reference to the Mass but merely during the time of Mass; apart from these classes, how relatively small, no doubt, that number of our Catholic people is who follow the Mass in an intelligent manner and actually join with the priest in offering the Sacrifice."

That practice would revitalize the faith of a people. For one thing, there would be borne in upon them, as was borne in upon the Christians of apostolic times, that sense of unity and fellowship for which Christ prayed the night before He died, when He gave the visible sign of such unity in His offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass.

My New Godson

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

I VE GOT two sons and a flock of godsons. And now I've got a godson whom I'd like to tell the world about.

My new godson is a Negro; and, to me, that's news. It's something specially Catholic, and therefore specially Christian and universal. It makes very real to me the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. And it means that when I die, I'll have godsons representing at least two of God's races ready and willing to defend me in the judgment. Give me three more, a copper man, a gold man, and a man the color of St. Francis's robes, and I'll have the whole human family on my side in that day.

My new spiritual fatherhood came to me through one of the priests at the cathedral. He asked me whether I'd like to be this young man's godfather.

The Baptism was one of those events which haunt one with a beauty just beyond words, like a father's holy death, like children walking hand-in-hand into the sunset, like the first hearing of a great symphony. I think I swallowed hard when the priest placed a little white garment on my godson's dusky head and charged him to bring it without stain before the judgment seat of God. And how often does a man have the chance to shake hands with a newborn son as tall as

Condensed from the
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himself, and dark of skin but blindingly white of soul, a sudden saint?

We came away from the baptismal font and were donning overcoats when young Herbert Johnson said to me, "Now that you're my godfather, what shall I call you?"

"Make it Joe," I said. Then he told me that he had taken Joseph for his Christian name.

I wanted to give him a present. Rosary? He had one in his pocket. Prayer book? Ditto. Statue? His great luminous eyes glowed and his white teeth flashed.

"A statue of the blessed Virgin?" he begged.

We walked away from the cathedral through crowds of late Christmas shoppers. Young Joseph Herbert was almost floating. "Boy, do I feel good!" he said. "Now I'm a Catholic!" He said it over and over, as an athlete might say to himself that he was at last champion. We got the statue, and he hugged it in one arm while we walked and talked. What first made him think of joining the Church?

"I lived in Georgia," he told me. "I used to go to another town with my mother to visit my grandfather. There was a Catholic church there, and I would see the Sisters with the children.

"The Sisters all wore rosaries at their sides, and I used to stand and

stare at those beads. You would think it was funny if you had seen me standing there, looking and looking.

"I tied little things together with string to make a kind of rosary, and carried it in my pocket. And I made up my mind that some day I would be a Catholic.

"People told me I was foolish. They said, 'You don't want to believe all that stuff.' I didn't care.

"Almost a year ago I came to Cleveland. I got a job as a bus boy in a cafeteria. One morning I saw a woman sitting there reading her missal. I guess she had just come from Mass.

"I went over and said, 'Pardon me, are you a Catholic?' She said, 'Yes.'

said, 'I would like to be a Catholic.'

"She telephoned to one of the priests at the cathedral; and now I'm a Catholic. I can't believe it. It's too good to be true. But I'm a Catholic!"

The courtesy in which his race is unexcelled moved Joseph Herbert to thank me again and again for consenting to be his godfather. He didn't seem to hear when I told him it was a privilege for which I thanked him.

His last words as we parted were, "I'm going home now to prepare for tomorrow morning. I want to be at early Mass. My first Communion!"

A man shouldn't envy his own godson. But he can't be accused for being tempted.

Angel Song

THE soloist for Christmas was Frances Brock, Negro soprano. At the Offertory of an army field Mass in Nouméa she stepped to the powerful public-address system to sing Gounod's *Ave Maria*.

In another part of the city, about a mile away, the French populace gathered in St. Joseph's cathedral for their own midnight Mass.

At the very second the French priest started his sermon, Miss Brock sang the first note of the *Ave Maria*. Her sound waves were picked up by the public-address system in the cathedral, and were rebroadcast. Into the silent cathedral rang the voice of Miss Brock, soft, remote, dim.

The priest, surprised, looked into the choir loft to see who had missed a cue. All remained motionless to listen to the singing. As the last notes of the song faded, someone in the congregation whispered, "It is an angel."

Our scientific technicians explained exactly what had happened. But the French are religious and idealistic, and will not have their miracles shattered. Miss Brock became the most popular person in the country. When she appeared in concert the people would point her out and say, "There is our angel."

"Emancipation" versus freedom



Why Clare Boothe Luce Went Home

By NORMA LEE BROWNING

THE congresswoman from Connecticut is home again, and around the hills between Newtown, Danbury, and Ridgefield, plain folks are asking why. She, who might have been the first woman in history to be elected to the U. S. Senate, turned down the nomination and graciously retired from politics. One farm woman remarked, "She could have won easily." A cherub-faced cab driver volunteered, "Mrs. Luce is a lady. She'd get my vote any time."

The story behind Clare Luce's withdrawal from national politics was a message to American women who are tasting now the full-ripened fruits of their "emancipation."

There are many reasons, not just one, why Mrs. Luce gave up a brilliantly promising career in politics. There is, of course, her recent conversion to the Catholic religion. Connecticut has perhaps the second largest Catholic population in the country, and Clare Luce did not relish the idea of anyone saying she became a Catholic in order to get votes. She went into politics because of the war, and she had always said that when the war was over she would get out. She knew this would be a Republican year and that any "reasonably good" candidate could

Condensed from the Chicago *Sunday Tribune**

win in her district (Fairfield county). Therefore this was an opportune time to bow out without letting down her own party. She had never actually thought of politics as her career or vocation. Her real love is writing. Politics, she says, leaves no time even for reading, much less for writing books and plays.

Possibly any one of those reasons, and certainly the combination, would justify her decision, but to the women of America there is far greater significance in her simple little statement, made with utter candor and perhaps a tinge of wistfulness, "I just wanted to be home."

"You see," she explained quietly, "I haven't really been home in six years. I wanted to see something of my husband again, to be able to plan holidays with him, to spend more time with our family and friends.

"It is my firm conviction that a woman's first duty is to her husband and home. If she can fulfill her family obligations and still go into national politics, that is fine. If not, she is telling the whole world, and she might as well tell herself, that she prefers politics to her home."

She loves her husband, two stepchildren and a large tribe of growing

**Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill., Jan. 5, 1947.*

nieces and nephews, as well as six godchildren, one of whom, her namesake Clare Boothe Carey, lives with her every summer now. Her only child, a daughter, was killed in an automobile accident four years ago.

Mrs. Luce is grateful for the experience politics gave her. One of the happiest moments of her life, she said, was when she was one of 13 to vote against the President's "draft labor" bill. There was a deep satisfaction in knowing that her own "one little vote on the right side" would go down in history, and that it may have had some influence in getting the Senate later to reverse the decision of the House.

"My experience taught me to understand and to love and admire Americans in a way that I never could have done otherwise," she added. "I fell in love with the republican form of government. It really works better than anything else for the greatest good of the greatest number. But, during my years in Washington, I became more keenly aware of the fact that the people who have authority have no time to think, and the people who have time to think have no authority."

"It seems to me very important that those charged with the political destinies of millions should be given longer periods to recuperate mentally from the pressures of Washington, to sit down and ask themselves what they do believe about the world crises and what they honestly think could be done. They need more time for solid reading and thinking. In the long run, the country would benefit if there

were not so many snap judgments made."

Though she hopes now to have time to read and "think through a few things" herself, she has no desire and no intention of ever running again for elective office.

Clare Luce has more than any one woman's share of beauty, talents, and money, but they have developed in her a sense of humility and gratitude rather than arrogance.

To an outsider at least, Mrs. Luce's most important achievement is the way she has managed, while competing in a man's world, to maintain her feminine viewpoint and personal charm. Starting her career mildly enough as a fashion writer for *Vogue*, she soon moved on to *Vanity Fair* as associate editor and created a minor revolution by announcing that the magazine should take an interest in politics.

She wrote three Broadway hits, *Margin for Error*, *The Women*, and *Kiss the Boys Good-by*, then went overseas as a war correspondent and sent back some of the early stories from Belgium, Egypt, Burma, India, and China. Male competition was light compared to that for her job as representative from the 4th district, Connecticut, in the Congress of the United States and her membership in the House Committee on Military Affairs.

Unlike many women who feel that mannish conduct and appearance are assets in predominantly male fields, Mrs. Luce is as feminine as ever, with more wisdom but no less youthful charm than a schoolgirl.

More important, she has kept a firm grip on some of the supposedly outmoded ideals that others of her sex have recently discarded. She feels that the most important values in a woman's life are her love for her husband, her home, and her children. She believes that the job of being a housewife and mother is the best job in the world. It is her opinion that a woman's personality expresses itself best in the home, and that the highly touted "emancipation" which has led thousands of women to assembly lines and weekly pay checks is often not emancipation at all, but slavery.

"It is some sort of insanity that has hit us moderns," she declared, "to place wifehood and motherhood on a lower level than stenography. American women have been sold the false idea that they have secured freedom if they can work alongside men in factories. Actually, there are few other jobs in the world which offer the average woman so much freedom as the job of running her home. Her home is the only place where a woman is her own boss. The most important and intelligent job in the world is the bearing and rearing of children. And until men can have babies, this is woman's work and her No. 1 job, and she should be respected and valued for it."

Mrs. Luce points out that even in the smallest apartment a woman has a better chance for freedom than on the assembly line. She can make her home a creative enterprise. She may think she wants a job for security, but, says Mrs. Luce, "the fact remains that

a woman who depends on her husband has the safest boss she can get. Unless he is a thoroughgoing skunk, he always feels a sense of responsibility for her, even if he isn't always pleased with the way she does her job. And, because of tradition, religion, law, and so on, he can't fire her as easily as another boss might."

"It seems foolish for women to struggle desperately for men's jobs when the most respected, the most essentially secure, the hardest, the noblest, and the most creative job a woman can do is in her own home."

Recalling that more than 90% of the employed women in America working in jobs outside the home do so because they are driven to it by economic necessity, Mrs. Luce explained, "I'd call that the new slavery of women, not emancipation."

The great increase of women workers, which many point to with pride as proof of their emancipation, has brought down wage scales so that men can no longer demand what used to be known as family wages, she said.

The average woman, she added, who becomes bored with housework, is often deluded into thinking she has a choice between darning socks or being Hedy Lamarr. In reality her alternative usually is nothing more than putting screws in gadgets on an assembly line, or becoming a stenographer, and being dictated to by a boss instead of a husband.

Homemaking itself is essentially a creative job, says Mrs. Luce, and since the "really creative professions are not

at war with one another," it is possible, she believes, to combine home-making successfully with writing, art, and some branches of medicine, teaching, or research.

For the most part, however, she feels that the woman who works outside the home is doing two jobs, being paid for only one and doing justice to neither. To the woman who must work she recommends a job in which she can tell her boss, "My home comes first." In national politics, Mrs. Luce says, the choice is even more difficult. A woman politician says, "My child is sick. I must go home." The answer is, "So is your country. Stay and vote."

Clare Luce's advice to women with family obligations and political aspirations is, "confine yourselves to local politics, where you will be more effective."

"All women should and must take an active interest in local politics," she said. "It is a matter of serious interest to women whether their own city government is corrupt or not, and to what extent the government, both local and national, involves their own lives and those of their children.

"Women can start by cleaning up their own back yards in city and community government. Everyone knows that when a small group of women make up their minds to build a new road, get a new schoolhouse, or oust some questionable city official, they can get the job done in a way men never can. Every woman can have a

voice in shaping her government simply by taking time to vote, and by spending one-tenth as much time listening to news and political broadcasts as she spends listening to soap operas."

Woman's place, she maintains, is in the home, but certainly not in a rut. In order to do her job well she must be something of a financier and an artist; she must learn to handle the family finances and make an exciting game of budgeting; and she should have both the ability and willingness to make a cheerful, even beautiful, home from humble surroundings. She must help equip her children to be good citizens. She must take an interest in her husband's work and friends.

"All this is woman's work," Mrs. Luce said, "and it is not easy, exciting, nor glamorous. But it offers more freedom to women than all the pay checks they have struggled for and the dubious 'equalities' they have won since their 'emancipation.'

Home at present is the quaint little country farmhouse down in Newtown, Conn., which Clare Luce and her husband, Henry, are renting temporarily from Grace Moore's estate until their own newly acquired house in near-by Ridgefield is ready for occupancy. Mrs. Luce herself is doing part of the decorating.

She is also adding finishing touches to two plays she has written, catching up on her personal shopping, and looking forward to a vacation with her husband on their southern plantation.

THE LAST MASS

By GLENNYTH M. WOODS

Condensed selection from a book*

This is my tribute to our secular priesthood, to those soldiers in Christ who are neither saints nor supermen, but only very human individuals doing a hard job, for the most part consummately well, often heroically. The wonder to me is not that there are bad priests, but that there are so few of them.—G. M. W.

INTROIBO AD ALTARE DEI—I will go unto the altar of God. To God, Who gives joy to my youth."

The familiar words scraped like sand along his bruised and aching throat, as he thought with a surge of fresh pain: This is the end.

This was the moment he had always subconsciously dreaded. He knew now that in the secret recesses of his mind there had always existed a feeling of transience, of impermanence, a sense of ever-impending separation. This, in itself, was not unnatural, for a priest is always subject to sudden transfer at the order of his superior. His difficulty was in never being able wholly to resign himself to the possibility. During the four years while the church was in the building, and in all the years that followed, he never lost his original almost hurting wonder at the beauty which had been achieved of cold, insensate stone.

Then, too, something of his own being had gone into that building; some-

thing of himself was immolated in its marble blocks, its sturdy, graceful columns. And always the little haunting fear to intensify his attachment. Certainly his relations with his people during the 16 years of his pastorate had attained an added poignance because of that sense of inevitable parting.

Now the actual parting had come at last. He had been transferred quickly, almost without warning, away from his people, out of the city into a remote country parish. He suspected, though numbly and without resentment, political machination, for though the Church herself is divine, her members are frequently only too human. And he had made enemies, both lay and clerical. He recognized, yet without ever successfully correcting it, that he was too forthright and outspoken, wanting in a certain quality of self-restraint which no priest should lack.

The bishop, brisk, businesslike and not unkindly, pointed out the reasons for the change. His parish here was running smoothly. . . .

"I've worked very hard to build up this parish, Bishop."

"And you've done an excellent job." The bishop was quick to forestall him. "An excellent job. That's exactly why I've chosen you for this work. Simo-

*The Seas of God, collection edited by Whit Burnett. 1944. J. B. Lippincott Co., New York.
585 pp. \$3.

netta, as you know, is located in a section of the state which is predominantly non-Catholic. A parish in such a community requires a strong hand. Father Lawrence has been ill so long that he's rather let the reins slip. The people are becoming indifferent and drifting away. It's no easy assignment I'm handing you, but I think you are equal to it."

He thought resentfully, "You don't have to give me a sales talk." And aloud he said, "I'll do my best, Bishop."

The bishop favored him with one of his surprisingly pleasant, but infrequent, smiles; far back in his eyes there was a little glint of not unsympathetic amusement. "I know you will. And you'll find it will be good for you. Give you a new perspective."

His heart was as bleak and desolate as though it had been stripped of its last hope. And there was no use lying about it—at least not to himself. He would have let himself be chopped into dice before the world should know how he felt, but he refused, in his hour of sorrow, to try to deceive himself.

And the Mass went on.

In the pulpit he again read the Lesson and Gospel in English, laid down the book, and looked out upon his people.

"Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away. The words are taken from today's Gospel. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Dearly beloved . . ."

He heard detachedly his own voice in its smooth, unhurried delivery of the farewell sermon he had so carefully prepared. His eyes and tortured heart strayed restlessly over the pulpit rail-out into the congregation who had gathered to offer up with him this last (so far as he and they were concerned) Sacrifice of the Mass.

Over to the left sat Doc—quiet, dependable, good old Doc! They'd come through some times together. And without reason, as scraps of remembrance will, a certain vivid memory returned to him of a summer afternoon many years ago when the two of them lay on the grass of the high-school grounds, keenly aware, though anticipatorily, not nostalgically, that a certain phase of their lives was ended forever, and another beginning, with their graduation in June.

"I've just about decided that I want to study for the priesthood."

He almost laughed now at the recollection of Pete, shocked up on one elbow, and looking at him as though he had lost his mind, while every freckle stood out distinct and clear on a face suddenly gone a shade paler.

"Are you crazy!" demanded Pete in horor.

"No," he replied. "No—I don't think so. . . ."

But not even to Pete could he explain those nebulous yet definite longings which urged him along the road he was to follow.

The outlines of the mental image blurred and faded.

So long, Doc, old boy....

In one of the front pews he saw Felicia, slim and tall as young willows in the spring. He had known her since her grade-school days, and from the beginning there had been a rare and fragile sympathy between them which had deepened into genuine friendship as she grew older. He liked her enormously; felt at ease and relaxed in her company. She had an active, independent mind and strong convictions, which she defended ably and courageously. When she was still a child he had had occasion to take her to task for open rebellion against one of the Sisters.

She responded, as always, to fairness and reason.

"Well," she answered candidly, "when we lose our temper we have to say the Act of Contrition, but when Sister Jeanne Thérèse loses hers she calls it holy anger. I don't think it's very holy to bang a ruler on the desk and shout."

With difficulty he kept his lips from twitching. The word picture she painted of the volatile little French nun was unflatteringly accurate.

He managed to reply gravely, "I see your point. But," here his voice sharpened, "Sister Jeanne Thérèse's temper is her own personal problem. It has no bearing on your behavior at all. Remember, Felicia, our Lord didn't tell us to be as perfect as the saints or even as the angels. He said, 'Be perfect as I am perfect.' Your task is to emulate Christ, not Sister Jeanne Thérèse. And you see you were imitating Sister when you let her loss of temper make you

lose yours. Do you understand?"

She nodded. "Yes, Father, and I'll remember."

She was steadfastly loyal, but he was not aware to what an extent adverse criticism of him had rankled in her until one day she burst out, "They say you're just a social priest; that you cater to people with money and influence who can push you along. I hate for them to say things like that. You're not a social priest!"

He was furious, and more so because the accusation contained a germ of truth. He did have snobbish impulses, but God and he knew that he fought them to the death. Because he had a convivial nature; because he liked people and liked to have them around him; because he enjoyed parties and dances and gay social affairs, why must tongues always be wagging and dropping their bitter venom on his doing? To be a priest is not to be an anchorite. Christ spent three years in public ministry and the record is dotted with dinners, feasts, and happy gatherings. Do people mourn while the bridegroom is still with them? So he reasoned, and in a measure rightly, for his hour of agony had not yet come.

Off to the right sat Thurlow Reed III, on one of his rare public appearances in the bosom of his eminently respectable family, a rake and a sot if ever there was one. His lip curled a little. And quite involuntarily he recalled the occasion when young Reed, lying drunk and ill in a disreputable hotel, had burned up the telephone

wire, alternately cursing and slobbering in a maudlin fear of death, "I tell you, Father, I'm dying. You've got to come! For Christ's sake don't let me die like this—outside the Church. Damn it—you've got to come. Now pok—"

In disgust, he slammed down the receiver and booted over to the group of friends who happened to be with him when the call came, finishing with an angry, "I'll not go down to that drunken sot again! Let him get another priest."

But little old Mrs. Bascomb laid a gentle hand on his arm and said in her tired, kind voice, "You can't do that, Father. You're a priest and you've taken certain vows. You've got to go."

All at once he capitulated and patted her hand, "All right, you win—I'll go."

Because he had suddenly remembered that old Mrs. Bascomb's youngest son had died in delirium tremens.

If you forgive others their trespasses, so will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses. . . .

His tormented spirit twisted in sick pain under the weight of old memories.

Cattered throughout the congregation, his restless gaze picked out first one boy and then another whom he had taught in school, who had been his altar boy, who had been on his debating team. And in the foremost pew directly facing the pulpit, sat Red and Hank, his two blackest sheep, for

whom he had an open, shameless, and abiding affection.

He would never forget his first glimpse of them at the New York docks, grimy and belligerent, in the hands of an officer, after being hauled from hiding on the liner where they had tried to stow away. He was in his usual hurry, but the picture of boys in trouble was too much for him, and he pushed through the curious crowd.

"What's the matter, officer? Boys had a brush with the law?"

"That's right. They caught the young bast—sorry, Father. They were trying to stow away. They're Reds; want to get to Russia."

"They're not of age, are they?"

"No, just kids. Ran away from home; we're holding them till we can notify their parents."

"Where are they from?"

The officer told him. To his surprise they were from his state.

He said, "Why, that's my state. Look here—may I talk to them?"

"Sure, Father, but you won't get much out of 'em. They're kind of unsociable. And you two," he turned to the boys, "keep a civil tongue in your heads."

"We'll get on all right."

The crowd, seeing that there was to be no excitement, drifted off. He eyed the sulky pair appraisingly; they didn't look vicious, and it had been his experience that when the Red virus infected them this young, they were rather touchingly sincere.

"I understand you want to get to Russia."

The look they gave him was beneath contempt.

"So what?"

Some hours later, having been released into his custody, which he had agreed to assume until arrangements could be made to turn them over to their parents, and over a dinner which went a long way toward smoothing the path to friendship, they both relaxed and soon became somewhat expansive.

"You know," Red remarked, "you don't talk like a priest."

He replied with a touch of irony, "I question whether you're a competent judge. How did you expect a priest to talk?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. Most of them are stuffed shirts, and so down on communism that they begin foaming at the mouth at the mention of it."

He permitted a slight smile. "Is that so? Well, I've always been a fairly good communist myself—it has its good points. But it has a lot of weaknesses, too."

"How do you mean?" Hank bristled to the defense.

"Well, for instance, human nature. Communism simply leaves it out of the equation. You know, there's nothing new about communism. For as far back as we can go in history men have been trying to build a perfect state, one that would work like a well-oiled machine. Ever read Plato? It's a swell idea; I'm all for it. Only a human being isn't a mechanical automaton which never makes mistakes,

and that's where all these 'perfect' economic systems slip up. Communism talks a lot about brotherhood of man and love of humanity, but the Church is the only institution throughout the ages which has upheld and stood for freedom and dignity of the individual as against the majority."

"The Church!" Red was primed for that. For 15 minutes he held forth on the iniquities of ecclesiastics in all ages, and the picture he drew was not a pretty one.

He had listened in silence to the indictment, and when Red ran down at last, he made a wry face.

"Truth certainly doesn't appear synonymous with beauty in this case, does it?" he observed with a rueful laugh. Both Red and Hank pounced on that.

"Then you admit the charges are true?"

"True? Of course they're true. We do not deny that there have been bad priests and faithless nuns; in fact, I can give you a good many more instances you've missed entirely. But it shows you've been doing a lot of reading and thinking on the subject. That's good. Only it's one-sided. You're like a steak that's burned on one side and raw on the other."

They were won then, only they didn't know it. It had been one of his happiest experiences to administer to them that rite which in early Christian times was naively referred to as the "washing." It rather amused him to see them as hotly champion the Church now as they had formerly attacked it.

Suddenly they were all, even the weakling Reed, even gossiping Miss Williams and miserly Mr. Hughes, all inexpressibly, unbearably dear. They were his people and this was his church and both were being taken away from him.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God!" cried his soul in voiceless anguish. At the same time he was aware with a sick self-contempt that he was reacting like an adolescent. He finished his address in a carefully emotionless voice, ". . . with this in mind, I bid you all a fond good-by."

But he stumbled a little as he descended the steps from the pulpit.

"*Credo in unum Deum—I believe in one God, the Father Almighty . . .*" finishing it inaudibly as the choir took it up in a mighty swell of sound.

While he sat waiting for the choir the memory of his ordination Mass returned to him vividly: the scarlet and white of the altar boys, moving in a haze of incense; the faint clinking of the censer as they swung it to and fro; the old bishop, benign and saintly, in a blaze of gold, like a king upon his throne; the deep organ tones of the men's voices and the shrill sweetness of the little choir boys. And crowding hard upon this scene, he relived briefly the ecstasy of that moment in his own first high Mass when, with bridal eagerness, tempered with a deep sense of his own unworthiness—a kind of exalted humility—lifting the Sacred Host, he spoke the words by which through alchemy of the Spirit mere bread becomes Flesh and Blood. The

savor of that holy and eternal moment was on his lips; his whole being thirsted to taste again its fresh and matutinal sweetness. But the picture dissolved and he choked instead on the bitter ash of the present.

He went through the Offertory automatically. The pain seemed to ebb and flow in great waves over his soul, which, receding, left him wooden and lifeless, a robot performing dead acts mechanically.

His gaze fell upon the figure of the Crucified, and a measure of calm descended upon him. He felt almost happy at the Elevation, but it was the happiness of a momentary exaltation which faded, and the old aching misery engulfed him once more.

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi. . . .*"

High and clear rose the voice of the soloist above the muted undertone of the choir. ". . . miserere . . . miserere . . . miserere nobis. . . ."

He faced his people holding aloft the Sacred Species.

"*Ecce Agnus Dei . . . Domine, non sum dignus Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof*" And he descended from the altar, the Incarnate Word in his hands.

It was over. He pronounced the final, irrevocable words, "*Ite, Missa est.*" It is finished . . . This is the end.

Oh, my people, he thought; and could go no further. His suffering had reached its peak. He had seen other priests leave their parishes, parishes

where they had served far longer than he, and he had thought he understood their pain, but he realized now that he had never even remotely gauged it. Why, this was the agony of birth; the separation of a woman and her child, but more terrible, for this was also the parting of death. And with that thought there came to him one of those flashes of spiritual illumination which sometimes climax periods of intense pain. Suddenly, he comprehended, perfectly and completely, the agony of the Garden. It was like the opening of a door.

Here lay the answer to the mystery of birth and death. They are inseparable: twin faces of the same disk. The child dies to the womb that it may live to the world; a man must die to the world in order to live to God. Strange the thought; I've talked about it all these years, but I never really knew what it meant.

He felt a curious inner upheaval as though he were about to cry, and a great longing for the relief of tears swept over him. He remembered having heard that boys studying for the priesthood often wept bitterly before taking the final irrevocable step. At the time this had been incomprehensible to him. Once having made up his mind to be a priest, he had had no qualms, no waverings, no tortured self-examination. The call of the world had not existed for him. But he knew now that it was because he had never left the world. The words "secular priesthood" took on new, poignant meaning.

"Father," he prayed suddenly and spontaneously, "I want to come home!"

It was the first time he had ever experienced that exact feeling; so lost and nostalgic a longing for God. For the first time in an active, aggressive life he felt oddly helpless and at a loss. Momentarily, at least, his self-assurance was shaken, almost nonexistent. He had always taught the virtue of humility as a matter of doctrine and had taken it for granted that he believed in and practiced it. He perceived now with a flash of true humbleness that it had had no real significance for him at all. The bishop's last remark recurred to him, "It will be good for you." He had resented it at the time; he did not resent it now. A deep desire, almost a need, for prayer swept through him.

In the sacristy the boys were divesting themselves of robes and surplices with their customary clatter. As each one left he shook hands, saying, "Good-by, Father. Sorry you're leaving."

A few of the older boys, most of whom he had known all their lives, lingered, and he knew they wanted to talk to him, but he felt that he could not talk to anyone now. He said, "You'd better run along, boys. You can tell me good-by this afternoon. I'm not leaving right away. I'm going to say my Office in the church."

There must have been something unusual in his voice or manner, because they looked at him quickly with

that mixture of curiosity and shyness characteristic of youth. Finally one of the boys asked, casually, yet with underlying affection and concern, "Is there anything the matter, Father?"

But he had recovered sufficient poise to smile naturally and reply, "Matter?

Why, no, Jimmy. As far as I know, everything's all right. Everything's fine."

And walking with firm step back into the almost empty church, he discovered, somewhat to his own surprise, that it was true.

This Struck Me

*T*Hese observations of Coventry Patmore* forcibly impress me, the first as an excellent illustration of true sanctity; the second, as an inspiration to the tempted who never cease trying, yet think themselves, because of frequent lapses, hopeless sinners. Too many still think of sanctity as utterly impossible instead of eminently practical, as Patmore assures us it is.

There is nothing outwardly to distinguish a "saint" from common persons. A bishop or an eminent dissenter will, as a rule, be remarkable for his decorum or his obstreperous indecorum, and for some little insignia of piety, such as a display of a mild desire to promote the good of your soul, or an abstinence from wine and tobacco, jesting, and small talk, but the saint has no fads, and you will live in the same house with him, and never find out that he is not a sinner like yourself, unless you rely on negative proofs, or obtrude lax ideas upon him, and so provoke him to silence. He may impress you, indeed, by his harmlessness and imperturbable good temper, and probably by some lack of appreciation of modern humor, and ignorance of some things which men are expected to know, and never seeming to have much use for his time when it can be of any service to you; but on the whole, he will give you an agreeable impression of general inferiority to yourself.

Many a man, who is pure and blameless in his own eyes and those of the world, is, in God's sight, as foul as the piebald hair of leprosy; and many another, the shame and scandal of himself and his neighbors, on account of falls like those of David, is, through his ardor to cast the scab of his corruption, a man after God's own heart, which sees only the end.

*In *Magna Moralis* (XIV and XXI).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comments as by the selection.

NEEDED: MISSIONARIES

Bolivia's

Condensed chapter of a book*

THE Aymara are the original Indians of Bolivia. I rode through Tiahuanaco, ancient capital of the lost civilization which they possessed at the beginning of the Christian era. Later at the National Tiahuanaco museum in La Paz the director showed me his priceless treasures, explaining the skill and beauty embodied in the pottery, carvings, and other remains. "What is worthy of consideration," he observed, "is not the mere achievement of these works. What is significant is the capacity of mind and spirit which they must have possessed to execute them. If they were trained to science in the modern world of today, their high intelligence would make them thoroughly capable of discovering the atomic bomb."

The Aymara, known anciently as the Kholla, appear to be a sullen and taciturn people, but they possess a considerable degree of character. Their language is harsh and guttural. The lowly state in which the majority of the Aymara of Bolivia now find themselves may be observed by leaving La Paz with its imposing cathedral and modern buildings for a visit to the Villa Victoria section in the outskirts.

The mountain regions of Bolivia are only a tenth of its total area, but contain three quarters of Bolivia's inhabi-



Aymara

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

tants. Out over the brooding quiet of the *altiplano* the great bulk of the Aymara live. They have one-room huts with no windows, and no doors in the rude doorways. The yards are full of ragged children, razorback pigs, chickens scratching in the dirt. Unkempt women in their multicolored dress and bowler hats put the pot on the tiny outdoor fire of llama dung or dried grass, while their men, orange-and-earth ponchos slung over their shoulders, huddle in the stench and chill of those highland homes.

Sometimes the Aymara journey to the city. Across the bleak plateau they move with what they have to sell. Finally they come to the edge of one of the greatest holes in the world, where the relatively level plain, 13,000 feet above the sea, suddenly gives way, and before the Indians' eyes is a sheer drop of 1,400 feet into a valley three miles wide and ten miles long. This is the dramatic site of La Paz, a metropolis of 300,000 people. The Aymara picks his way down the steep slopes to the busy world lying in the lap of the valley.

For one reason or another Aymara families from the rural areas transfer permanently into the cramped confines of such areas as Villa Victoria, which are not in the city proper but are along

*Call for Forty Thousand. 1946. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 5th Ave., N. Y. City, 3.
304 pp. \$3.

the steep sides of the bowl. Some 40,000 Aymara Indians and mestizos live on streets at giddy angles in the Villa Victoria district.

A short while ago the Archbishop of La Paz asked the Maryknollers to take over the new parish which he established in Villa Victoria. It is now one of a dozen parishes in La Paz which average 25,000 souls each. The whole of Bolivia has but 400 priests, and while the capital fares better than other parts of the country it still is woefully deficient. During a recent period of 20 years the Archbishop of La Paz has ordained nine priests, and during the same period 15 of his priests died.

Villa Victoria is 60% Aymara Indian and 40% mestizo, with all of these latter less than 50% white. All are at least nominal Catholics except about 50 Quakers, who possess a small meeting house and school, and a few Baptists, who have no church property. A small number of the Catholics continue to go to Mass at San Sebastiano, the old parish. The Maryknoll chapel, an adobe structure on which the Fathers labored personally, holds about 300, and now has four Masses on Sunday. About 1,000 attend, 40% of whom are men.

As to the sacraments, 100% of the 40,000 parishioners have received Baptism; no one ever fails in this. Possibly 60% have made the journey to the cathedral to receive Confirmation, where it is administered every Sunday morning. As regards Matrimony, 90% of the Indians have received the sacrament, while only about 5% of the

mestizos are religiously married. With the exception of children, there are fewer than 100 Communions a month. Hardly 19% receive Extreme Unction at death. It is recognized as a good thing to have, but the rank and file have been generations without it; they must be trained to it anew.

Of the estimated 12,000 people under 20 years of age in the parish, systematic religious instruction is being given to 500. There is no immediate prospect of an adequate number of catechism teachers; half a dozen young ladies from Catholic colleges in the city come out to help.

Ten to 15% of the adults are modestly literate; they can read the newspaper and write a poor letter. There is one government school of four grades in the parish, with an enrollment of 250 boys. Finances keep the enrollment of the one Catholic school to less than 100.

Parish organizations to date are very few. For adult men and women and girls there is nothing. For young men there are sports, which are proving a splendid drawing card. Here, as in all Bolivia, the government is out to make sports a part of national life. The young Maryknollers, when they arrived a few years ago, cooperated immediately in promoting this tremendous asset to healthy living.

"Last year when the priests gathered for the annual retreat," one of the Fathers explained, "the manager of the town basketball team asked the bishop if the padres would not choose a quintet among themselves and give

them a game. 'Why not?' said the bishop, and the game was scheduled for the following Saturday night. During the week the local boys had a meeting and made their plans to give the priests a drubbing. The bishop began to regret that he had given his word; what if these youngsters were to overwhelm his rusty cohorts from the U. S.? Saturday night came and almost everybody in the village was on hand for the game. It was hardly 30 seconds old when the bishop was completely relaxed; we have a collection of former basketball champs among the priests here, and the locals were no match for the old-timers from Yankeeland. The final score gave the priests 40 points and the Riberalta team 10. The whole Pando talked for months about those padres who not only know how to say their prayers but who are able to make things whistle on a basketball court. Nothing has endeared the priests more to the grownups than their ability to captivate the young fellows who traditionally should be snubbing the padre when they come to 20 years of age."

The people to date lack all concept of Catholic Action. There is no Catholic organization in the parish, aside from the personal charity of the priests, to aid the poor, sick, orphans, aged, or crippled. But the government in cooperation with the coordinator's office has set up a health center and the priests have helped to make it popular.

Some 30% of the homes in the parish are owned by individuals but all

are astonishingly crowded. Most homes consist of one room with an annex for cooking, and there is an average of six persons to a room. When Henry Wallace was in La Paz he visited the American priests of Villa Victoria, and gasped when he was ushered into a five-room structures in which 25 persons lived.

There is no heat in the houses, though the temperature is often below freezing. Half of them have electricity. Water is piped to the patios of 40% of the structures, while the rest of the people go to the public fountains. Three or four streets possess sewage pipes. Dwellers on the other streets empty their night vessels into the open gutter.

Food consists mostly of potatoes, bread, and rice; there is very little meat because it is so expensive. It is remarkable that the Indian is so strong. Doctors estimate that social diseases reach 70%. Tuberculosis is high. Infant mortality is 50%, and mother and child diseases are high. Liquor is responsible for most social problems. Coca-chewing dulls both physical and mental vigor.

Possibly as many as 5% in the parish are clerks or office workers. Skilled laborers total 10%; peons, or general unskilled laborers, 25%; factory workers, including children, 25%; those dignified with the title of small merchant (vendors, etc.) are 10%. When I visited La Paz, the *boliviano* was worth two cents in American money and living costs were high, yet children in factories got ten bolivianos for an

eight-hour day, or 15 bolivianos for the night shift. Unskilled workers received 800 bolivianos per month.

Everywhere in Latin America there are earnest men striving hard to improve conditions. "Here in Bolivia," said one high official, "our central problem is education for the Indian. Until we wean away the young from the psychology of hopelessness that besets the race, all efforts to stir these people to want better living are wasted."

Plans for rural education in Bolivia are a reality, but as yet they are only plans. Something over \$1 million a year is spent for this purpose, but neither the training of the teachers nor the school organization is such as to promise anything important for the pupils.

It is the general impression that one of the biggest obstacles to lifting the Bolivian Indian out of the morass is the attitude of the landowners. They are organized into the *Sociedad de Agricultores* and they seem bitterly opposed to social changes. A young holder of great lands who returned recently from the university and who secretly nourished the hope of seeing things better in Bolivia had the hardihood to stand up before this body of owners and propose that it give its support to the new rural education program and help emancipate Bolivia's serfs. "They almost tore me to pieces," he wryly reported.

It would appear that very few of the landowners are keen enough to see the advisability of beating the clock

by introducing reforms before the changing world forces them to it. "As I listened to the forebodings of the landowners on the occasion of the Indian Congress in La Paz in 1945," said one thoughtful gentleman in the capital, "it reminded me of the attitude of the landowners of France before the French Revolution."

There are 80,000 proprietors in Bolivia, on whose land there are $2\frac{1}{2}$ million inhabitants, the laborers and their families.

In widely different circles in Bolivia there is an awareness of this central problem in the national life, and there are many different approaches to its solution. It was interesting while talking with Major Calero, Bolivia's keen young Minister of Education, to hear him say that he felt that North American priests in Bolivia made excellent confreres for the nation's own clergy and this for reasons bearing directly on the social question. First, North American priests saw the full scope of the Church's work among the people, remained always aware that religion concerned itself both with worship and with life—with God above all else, it is true, but also with our neighbor and with the well-being of all society; second, North American priests were educated for the social tasks which the Church in Bolivia must face today. Major Calero, as do all thoughtful men who recognize the value of the spiritual in dealing with the material, sees the role which the Church must play toward building a better Bolivia.

As to the Bolivian Church's pre-

paredness for this task, Richard Pattee, a sound student of Catholic life in Latin America, is not very sanguine. "The Bolivian constitutions, of which there have been a vast number," he explains, "have generally recognized the place of the Church. The problem of Bolivia is not official antagonism, but the seemingly almost insoluble problem of lack of priests, Religious, and schools. Bolivia is one of the most abandoned republics in all South America in this respect. There is virtually no Catholic intellectual life; Bolivia is, beyond a doubt, still in the missionary stage."

Meanwhile, oblivious of all the stir
 that such a question now引起,
 a civilized orthodoxy goes on
 undisturbed to continue
 its quiet course, leaving
 the Indians to their
 primitive ways.

Laetare is for Rejoicing

*I*t is often said that Laetare (Rejoice) Sunday is inserted in the Lenten liturgy to express joy that Lent is half over. The Mass itself gives no justification for such an interpretation. Indeed, the Collect expressly reminds us that in our penances "we justly suffer for our deeds." There is a better explanation which is not so obvious but is more likely. In the Gelasian Sacramentary (c. 800 A.D.) this Sunday, like the last, has a Mass for the catechumens. In a few short weeks a number of children will be born to the Church and upon them our Holy Mother, the Church, will heap her blessings. During the swiftly approaching Easter vigil, she will confer upon these catechumens not one but three sacraments, Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Eucharist! The Church, like any true Mother, cannot restrain her great joy, and so she bids her catechumens to rejoice at the very thought of these treasures.

Ecclesiastical Review (March '43).



Condensed from the *Queen's Work**

FATHER NAGLE and the Blackfriars

By DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

ONCE UPON A TIME the theatrical center of New York City and of America was 14th St. Then it moved slowly uptown into Broadway and the mid-140's. Now

Maurice Evans took a theater near Columbus Circle and broke America's record run of Hamlet. And a little farther uptown, on 57th St., a little theater may be pushing the theatrical center still farther uptown, as without doubt it is pushing theatrical tastes higher and creating new dramatic frontiers.

The next time you get to New York, don't forget the Blackfriars theater. And if you can manage it, drop backstage and meet the most interesting man in Catholic dramatics today, the young Dominican, Father Urban Nagle. Probably you already know him for the originality and humor he puts into Catholic Sunday broadcasts pretty well across the U. S. Perhaps your dramatic club has done his famous Passion play, *Barter*, or one of his half dozen other equally successful plays.

For the greater part of his not too many years Father Nagle has been deeply interested in drama, the emphasis on Catholic drama. For a time he taught at Providence college. Then he moved along to become editor of the *Holy Name Journal*. Then he struck out bravely: he rented a little theater

off Broadway, a former YMCA auditorium, and became dramatist, producer, and heart and soul of what is probably the only full-time Catholic theater in the country.

Father Nagle thought of all that horde of youngsters who every year besiege Broadway and whose dreams perish at the doors of Broadway's producers and agents. You get some idea of how many try when you learn that on the register of his Little Theater Father Nagle has written the applications of 4,500 aspiring actors.

They come in droves, for they know that no theatrical agent pays the slightest attention to a person who has not appeared in a professional play. You may come with a scrapbook filled with clippings of your triumphs in a college *Henry IV*; you may present a letter from your home-town dramatic critic telling the world that you are exactly the person Broadway is waiting for. The vicious circle continues; you can't get an agent or a producer interested unless you've been in a professional play. And you can't get into a professional play unless an agent or producer is interested.

Hence the run on Father Nagle's theater. For in it 400 of the 4,500 applicants have had chances to play at least bit parts. Critics from Broadway

do come to the theater and write the plays up in the daily press. Agents stop in to see what new talent is showing. And you have the same chance to get into a Broadway play that you have of winning a national lottery or taking the grand prize in the Harlem policy racket. But at least you have a ticket, and that is more than nothing.

But with these eager, earnest young players, and those who more wisely use the theater to achieve dramatic self-expression and to become coaches and teachers back home, Father Nagle has been putting on his much-better-than-average productions. He is giving a chance to plays that would not be considered "commercial," which means that they may be excellent but won't wow 'em at the box office.

In between merely good artistic productions he has been larding his regular experiments in Catholic dramatics. His own *Savonarola* and a new Passion play based on the life of Mary Magdalene are instances in point. He has attempted social drama that dared present racial problems. *Caukey* got national publicity as a terrific drama. *Career Angel* went from the Blackfriars to 100 neighborhood theaters across the country. The New York critic on the *World-Telegram*, Burton Rascoe, certainly no special patron of Catholic drama, chose this play of Gerard Murray's as "Best of the Year."

For a time Father Nagle used Equity players, members of the state actors' union. He paid them the minimum scale. But he soon found that they were able to place themselves. So today he

uses only theatrical aspirants, who are delighted to get the training given them by Father Nagle and his professional director, Dennis Gurney, himself a product of both English and American stages. The stagehands and electricians are young people eager to learn the theater; they work under Bill Schoeller, who learned the stage in Vienna. Even the ushers, who show the patrons to the 299 seats, are there because the smell of grease paint is in their nostrils.

A whole story lies behind those 299 seats; 300 seats would put the theater into a different license category and subject it to different fire laws. You look around the theater appreciatively as Father Nagle points out the new lights, newly painted drops, rigged curtain, and rebuilt proscenium, all done by himself, his associate, Father Carey, and the young hopefuls.

You buy your tickets from Merritt Wyatt, whose niece Jane Wyatt is known to motion-picture fans.

When a new play is to be cast, Father Nagle and associates comb the card file. Tryouts follow, and eliminations are rapid. The play then goes into painstaking rehearsal, with Mr. Gurney on the stage and Father Nagle in the front row center.

Meanwhile, the stage crew has designed the new sets; the electricians have worked out a light plot, and down below stage the sound of hammers plays obbligato to the rehearsals as flats are stretched with canvas and set pieces built and paint brushes fly. The stage is small even for a Little

Theater, so each stage set is a triumph of art, carpentry, and mastery of the jigsaw puzzle. The costumers then take over and design and make the cast's clothes.

Meanwhile, word has gone out to New York critics, and tickets sent them for the opening. The Sisters, who love the theater, are invited to a special matinee, and they pack the hall, not once, but often. Opening night sees anxious faces backstage; for out front are not only the audience of the Blackfriars' patrons but the critics and all the important theatrical agents. Needless to say, one tactful task of this Little Theater is to find an opening night when some professional opening will not keep the critics away.

The play then runs for an average of two weeks. There are four plays a year. The theater, in operation for five years, has produced a total of 20 plays, most of them entirely new.

The audience is made up of typical New Yorkers; the audience stress is placed, however, on the 6,000 whose names are on file and who are notified of each production. Catholic societies buy blocks of seats. Schools are good patrons. Sometimes when the cast includes Negroes, drawn chiefly from the American Negro Theater and the Catholic Friendship House in Harlem,

the audience is even more cosmopolitan.

After the last curtain, Father Nagle gives the cast a party, during the course of which the actors live again their brief glory. And when, as in one instance, eight of the cast of 12 have won for themselves small parts in Broadway plays—well, at least two thirds of the guests are very happy.

One walks through the theater, or sits through an intensely serious rehearsal, or fingers the files of the theater's office, or looks at the photographs which are a permanent record of the theater, with a consciousness that here are important experiment and hope. Out of the little Provincetown theater came dramatic revolution to America. The Workers' theater of New York played important parts in the development of social drama in a dozen lines.

Father Nagle is bravely attempting to do for art and the Catholic theater a similar job. He is fighting, as are all Catholic pioneers, the financial battle. He is constantly searching for new, interesting plays. He experiments and adventures. He gives courage to hopeful acting material, and honest discouragement to the hopeless. The Blackfriars theater is a mighty important spot in the landscape of Catholic and American art and culture.

Barbequearians

Cannibal Cook: "Shall I boil the missionary, sir?"
 Cannibal Chief: "Don't be silly. That's a friar."

Thomas P. Borden.

Opiumenace

The Gray Shadow

By JOHN O'CONNOR

Condensed from *The Sign**

THE woman in black walked briskly down the well-appointed corridor of the expensive hotel. The door on her right opened slowly. A man looked out. He nodded his head toward the door on the other side of the corridor. The woman scarcely glanced at him. She walked toward the door he had singled out, and placed a casual but cautious finger on the white buzzer. Her right hand rested easily in her capacious apron pocket.

"Cleaning matron—inspection," she called out clearly in response to a muffled inquiry from behind the partly opened door.

The door closed. There was the sound of a chain bolt being slid out of place. The "cleaning matron" stepped back in the manner of one long rehearsed in her role. In the same instant, the door across the hall opened and several well-dressed men, each carrying a revolver, moved silently toward the now-opening door.

They rushed in as it opened. All but one ignored the well-dressed woman at the door and headed for the library. There at an ornate desk sat one of the most successful illicit drug dealers in America, Louis Guardia, alias Louis King, who also bore the

dubious title of "secretary" to the notorious Lucky Luciano. To the great delight of the New York police, his entire store of drugs and operating capital was spread before him. Detectives Cottone and Zeigers, under the command of Lieutenant Cooper, stood before him. Fifteen years of tortuous trailing had come to an end.

Customs officials, Treasury men, and the narcotic squads of the major port cities are bracing themselves for the coming increase in illicit drugs. More ships are sailing the seas, and more are weighing anchor in obscure ports of the Middle East and the Orient. Today, possibly as never before, opium has become a long-term threat to millions of people. Licensed dens dot the Far East and the colonies in the Indies and around the Straits. Turkish factories run at full blast in Anatolia. Tribesmen from the Yangtse to the Dardanelles find opium an effective, easily portable, and profitable currency. The valleys of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are dotted with waving poppies. Mexico has become an area of interest for the powerful and adroit drug rings that operate around the world.

This is not to say that there is any formal organization for the promotion

of opium, morphine, and heroin on a world basis. But as long as there is any illicit drug, there will be experts around to handle it, for a price. Big cities and small tropical ports, swank apartments or dingy tenements—you can get it in any of them, for a price.

Originally, opium came from the Middle East, possibly the Balkans. Galen, the old Greek doctor, knew of it. Historians say it became popular around the end of the 3rd century. There has been no decline in production since.

In those ancient days it was used for medicinal purposes. The Arabs, leading scientists for centuries, probably introduced it into India. There, during the reign of Akbar the Great at the beginning of the 17th century, it reached the stage of mass production and big business. It was now sought as a drug.

The East India company, Britain's unofficial wedge in the East, sensed the possibilities for profit. From 1811 until 1831, the company averaged an acknowledged export total of more than 4,500 chests of opium per year on its official trading lists. From 1829 to 1839, the average passed 25,000 chests per year, reaching the high of over 30,000 in 1836. After ten trips from India to China a merchant and his captain could retire.

The Chinese emperors fought the importation tooth and nail. They legislated, pleaded, cajoled. They wept over the degradation that was being visited on their subjects by the well-armed and profit-hungry Europeans. But the

bribes to their minor officials were too great and the fire power of the British frigates too heavy. The brief and disgraceful Opium War ended to Britain's commercial advantage but never once did the subsequent treaties mention opium by name. They merely gave England the right to "trade" in the ports! The normal operating net profit was 300%. The tea and silk that came out of China for many years were balanced by the opium that was shipped in from India and Persia.

The 2nd World War brought the complete disruption of the international machinery for controlling illicit commerce in the drug and its derivatives. Authorities have long cited the danger of a world epidemic of addiction spreading from the military theaters of operation. Men and women who have suffered the miseries of war are easy victims, especially in the areas selected by the Japanese for the distribution of opium and the debasing of a subject people into physical and moral slavery. Addiction increased after the 1st World War. There is every indication that it will show an increase again.

The amount of opium needed in the world is 440 tons per year. The admitted production of world opium in all countries is over 2,300 tons. Macao, the Portuguese island off Hong Kong, famed for its night life and gambling concessions, has collected more than 22% of its budget each year from the opium monopoly. The Straits Settlements, home of Singapore, one of the world's largest ports, averages from

opium concessions over 15% of its net annual receipts.

In the U. S., federal and city police state that most of the smuggled opium comes from Persia or India, with the flow from Mexico increasing. Last year India led in confiscated drugs.

Dope arrives in many ways. Not all ships are like the S.S. *Mirabella*, which was built in Hong Kong specifically for the opium trade, but dope is smuggled in on freighters by a few cool crew members who plan to sell the fabulously priced gummy substance once they reach a major port.

One favorite but now well-worn trick was to put opium sticks in tin cans, pack the cans in bags of salt with a long line and a float attached to the line. When port was reached, the bags would be thrown off at an agreed point. They would sink; the salt would dissolve, and then tin and float alike would rise, to be picked up by watchful members of the home gang.

Plans do not always succeed, however. Back in the early winter of 1938 a freighter put in at Brooklyn. Customs men, alert and tight-lipped, paid a hurried but thorough call. Hidden in various places on the freighter was \$600,000 worth of opium.

I cited these figures to one official. He replied, "The one attraction for the criminal is profit, and there is nothing to equal narcotics for profit. The late Lepke made more from narcotics than from his union and murder organizations. He was indicted in 1937 for complicity in smuggling from Tientsin to New York drugs sufficient to satisfy

10,000 addicts for one year. And this was to come from a single shipment, concealed in the bags of a party of round-the-world tourists who were making that long and expensive trip for one purpose: narcotics!"

Opium is habit-forming and evil. Taken from opium is the more radical narcotic, morphine. Addiction to either can be overcome. But their deadly derivative, heroin, actually a distillate of morphine, makes officials shake their heads when they meet a victim. There is little chance of being freed from addiction to that drug.

Compact and light, the three drugs are relatively easy to hide. They have been found in the linings of slippers, in books with the centers removed, in electric sockets, in lumber that had been skillfully hollowed out, and in sugar bowls. Toothpaste tubes are another means of concealing the drug, as are children's mechanical toys. In the exhibit in police headquarters in New York there is an ornamental replica of the Capitol in Washington, with a clock in the center. If you press and then gently lift the left side of the artistic masterpiece, you can find a storage place for dope. One detective grinned. "Brother, when we fine-comb a place, we fine-comb the fine-combs!" They even look for "kites," harmless looking personal letters on heavy stationery saturated with the drug. Treated in a simple manner by the addict, the drug falls away from the paper and the delivery is completed.

Burglary statistics indicate that drugstore safes are being broken into

with great and increasing frequency. In Delaware the sale of paregoric (1% pure opium) was confined by law to those with a physician's prescription. Consumption of paregoric dropped 664 gallons in one year.

The U. S. has been particularly fortunate, because of legislation and

investigation activities. We have long led in the drive to eliminate the drug while many European nations have actually encouraged its growth. The genie that was let out of the bottle a century ago during the Opium Wars simply won't go back. And he is growing every year.

Suit of Males

Back in 1933, I was walking down Fifth Ave. garbed in a suit that had seen a good many years of sun and rain in South China.

"I want you to do me a favor," said the friend at my side. "Let me buy you a good suit to take back." We went into Saks, and he bought me the best black suit on the racks.

In January, 1942, global war was changing our lives. I had been ordered to Chungking to open a Maryknoll house there. The nine-year-old suit was donned.

Soon after I got there, Father Theodore Bauman, of the Divine Word Fathers, arrived. He had escaped from Honan a few minutes ahead of the Japanese invaders, and had made his way to Chungking in the garb of a Chinese coolie. So Father Bauman was given the gift from Saks. Father Bauman wore the hand-me-down a few months. Then he was able to buy a secondhand gray suit from an Englishman and dye it black.

In September, 1942, Father Harvey Steele, Canadian Scarboro missioner, reached Chungking. He was in rags,

and a black hat that had been drilled by Japanese shrapnel. Immediately Father Steele inherited the hand-me-down, and he wore it until he could get a new suit from India six months later.

In June, 1943, Father James Smith, who had escaped in the night from Japanese-held Macao, landed in Chungking. He, too, was ragged, so the hand-me-down was dug out of the trunk. "Great!" said Father Smith as he spied the Saks Fifth Ave. label. "It will be just like patterning along the sidewalks of New York."

Early in 1944, along came Father C. Caulfield, a Passionist. He inherited the hand-me-down.

As summer waned in 1945, Father Thomas Ryan, Jesuit, formerly of Hong Kong, arrived in tatters. As the newcomer was a small, thin man, we cut the now famous hand-me-down to fit. Thereafter few could wear it.

Surely, we thought, it had now gone out of circulation. But no. Shortly after New Year's, a Chinese priest walked down the street with the hand-me-down still in service.

The

SOLDIERS WHO

MOCKED CHRIST

By JOSEF PICKL



Condensed chapter of a book*

THIE rights of the Roman soldier after a victory or the successful storming of a city included the *hybris*, the wantonly cruel sport of pestering and inhumanly treating the conquered. The tortures took on various forms and degrees. Captive generals often sought to avoid the derision by taking their own lives. Emperor Otho committed suicide and had himself quickly cremated; the thought that the victors would carry his head around on a pole in mockery horrified him.

After a siege, the Roman commander would give orders as to what should be done with the prisoners, but only in a general way. Details were left to the soldiers, giving their genius for mischief a large field. Josephus says that the soldiers, after the defeat of Vitellius by Vespasian, nailed the conquered to a cross each in a different way, some twisted, some turned round, some with the head down.

As a prisoner, Christ fell within the range of those rights of soldiers. To their notion, these Syrians had captured a dangerous Jewish leader who had plans of an uprising in his head. Pilate had told the centurion that Jesus was not to be tortured to death; but the soldiers could, of their own initiative, add the crude frolic of the crowning

with thorns. If the death sentence was to be carried out later, then the soldiers would have a right to their spoils, the clothes of the rebel. By way of mockery and fiendish pastime, the guards could allow the women and the Mother of Jesus to approach the cross and could finally have their fun in offering Jesus the vinegar to drink. All that lay within the limits of the *hybris*.

The cohorts involved in the Passion had not a single Jew in their ranks, for it was forbidden to enlist troops in Jewish territory, perhaps in consideration for the laws regarding the Sabbath and purification. Naturally, therefore, the most convenient material for these Roman auxiliary troops consisted of the Syrians in Palestine itself and in the neighborhood.

They had strong racial hatred for the Jews which had its origin in the wars of the Machabees. Before the war of Titus, there was not, according to Josephus, a single city in Syria that had not slaughtered its Jewish colony. In Caesarea, he says, the Syrians in one hour murdered 20,000 Jews.

During Titus' war, certain of the soldiers besieging Jerusalem discovered that some of the Jewish deserters had swallowed gold pieces. From then on, those begging protection had their

*The Messias. 1946. B. Herder Book Co., 15 & 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis, 2, Mo.
333 pp. \$4.

bodies cut open and their entrails searched by a swarm of Arabs and Syrians; in one night 2,000 men had their bodies thus ripped open.

The inhabitants of Antioch, the capital of Syria, were all accounted among the ancients as buffoons, and the same hankering to practice ridicule is seen in these cohorts. Pranks of soldiers are always rough and peppery, but the buffoonery of these cohorts, with its reckless and vile derision, oversteps all bounds. The bloody crowning of Jesus with thorns fits in exactly with their character.

The mockery practiced upon the Saviour shows familiarity with the Jewish notions of the Messias and Elias. The men in these cohorts knew from youth up about the Jewish hope for the Messias; as soldiers, they were particularly interested in this coming enemy. After all, how do the Jewish songs of the Messias go? "He hath broken kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among nations; he shall crush the heads in the land of many." However variously the Jews thought about the Messias, they were one at least in the belief that he would trample upon the neck of the Roman eagle, that he would subjugate the Gentile nations and would exalt Israel. Now, these cutting, shattering blows of the Messias would have to fall first upon the soldiers of the Roman garrison in Jerusalem and Judea. The Jews said further that Elias, the helper of the Messias, was to go before him. Of this prophet the Jewish Scriptures said, "And Elias answering, said to the cap-

tain of 50, 'If I be a man of God, let fire come down from heaven and consume thee and the 50. And there came down fire from heaven and consumed him and the 50 that were with him.' " So, too, it happened to the second captain and his 50; the third captain begged to be spared. This man of fire, Elias, was probably known also to the Syrians; hence they deride Jesus on the cross, "This man calleth Elias."

These cohorts, with their penchant for mockery and ribaldry, may often have made fun of the Jewish hopes for the Messias while on their marches through the country. But all the while they knew very well that, when the great Messianic uprising would really come, Roman soldiers in Jerusalem, before all others, would be in danger; for them, the Messias meant blood, wounds, and death. In modern times every soldier must be well instructed about tanks, gas attacks, flame throwers, and so on, so as to be morally prepared and armed. In those days officers trying to banish fear of the Messias and His helper Elias resorted to ribald jokes.

The Syrians were concerned about their own welfare. If the Messias of the Jews should really come and be victorious, they would die in battle or be tortured as captives or sold as slaves. When a Syrian merely thought of such possibilities, he doubtless grasped his dagger and, in bitterest hate, hurled curses on the coming Messias of the Jews as the greatest enemy of his life.

In the court of the palace the call to the scourging of Jesus, "The Messias

of the Jews is here!" at once brought the whole cohort to its feet, and long-stored hate surged up against Christ.

We usually assume that the soldiers put on a mock royal crowning with Jesus, and that the kneeling homage was in derision of the royal dignity of the Messias. But there are weighty considerations against this idea. The *proskynesis*, the kneeling homage, was never the soldier's sign of reverence in those times; that form of homage was shown only by civilians to Oriental rulers. And did the soldiers give Jesus a real mark of royalty, a crown? At the time of Christ the headband, or the diadem, was the sign of royalty. There was no crowning of kings. Had the soldiers wished to give Jesus the character of a king, they would have bound a band or cord about His head. This, with a stick, they could draw very tight so as to represent a royal diadem. The Evangelists, however, tell us nothing of that sort, and the Greek text says clearly that the soldiers placed a *stephanos*, a crown, upon Jesus. The crown, in those times, was purely a sign of honor of the soldier, a *donum militare*, corresponding to a present-day military decoration for distinguished service.

Why did the soldiers spit upon and strike the face of their prisoner? Further, what did the purple mantle and the staff mean to the Roman army, and who ordinarily received a crown from the hands of the soldiers? In what situation alone did the Roman soldiers bend the knee with the cry, "Hail, thou king!"?

The soldiers present at the Passion, as we have seen, were Syrians. Tacitus in his history explains how the Syrian Roman troops of Antonius I and of Vespasian treated their prisoners after the battle of Cremona. In the march of the prisoners, the humiliated enemy soldiers kept their eyes and faces turned to the ground; out of shame, vexation, and spite they did not wish to look on the derisive countenances of the victors. But the victors disliked this attitude; they cursed and buffeted the prisoners, making their faces the target of their abuse. The defeated had to hold out their faces to shame and insult. They treated the captive Emperor Vitellius that way when they paraded him in mockery with a dagger under his chin to make him keep his head up, open to insult. Whether they would or not, the miserable defeated ones had to hold up their heads and keep their eyes open to look their mocking victors in the face. Now, that is how Jesus was treated. "They gave Him blows, and spitting upon Him, they took the reed and struck His head." This spitting in the face, this abuse with ringing slaps on the ears, these sharp blows on the head to make Him look up are the same as the Syrian soldiers used against their prisoners of war. It was only the regular greeting, the usual treatment given a captive rebel by victorious soldiers.

The Roman soldiers wore the undyed woolen mantle (mantle and blanket in one); but the general, when he took command, put on a red cloak, for in war it was often important that

the general be distinguishable from afar. At the end of the commission the red cloak of the general was put off; it was first exchanged for the red embroidered toga of the triumphal parade at the outskirts of Rome. Afterward the general went his way in civilian dress of white. The scarlet cloak, which they put on Jesus, was the red mantle of the commander of a war.

The reed they gave Jesus was a sturdy staff, for with it the soldiers struck Him hard blows on the head. It corresponded to the ivory staff which the Roman general carried as he stood in his chariot in a triumphal parade, or rode his steed in an ovation. The crown, pressed upon Jesus by the soldiers, the crown of the victorious soldier, was the most honorable among the marks of honor awarded the soldier.

With the general's cloak and the commander's staff, the soldiers intended to characterize Jesus as a general; then they gave Him the military crown of victory. The whole, therefore, was a travesty of a triumphal celebration. In those days there were generally two triumphal celebrations. What Josephus records of the war of Titus was probably the usual custom. The second triumphal celebration took place just before the mustering out of the army. The general stood with his staff on the tribunal of the camp and distributed the marks of honor according to rank, mostly the golden crowns of victory that went to the centurions and all of higher rank. Individual Roman soldiers also had a certain right, some-

times even the duty, of bestowing a crown. If a comrade had saved his life, a soldier had to give the comrade a garland of oak leaves; if the rescued soldier did not of his own accord give the crown, the general forced him to do so. Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, and others proudly wore such oaken garlands given them by civilians for their rescue work. The Roman soldiers in a body also gave their general a crown.

The awarding of the crown of victory to the general by the army took place immediately after the decisive battle was won, when the soldiers acclaimed their general as *imperator* on the battlefield. This acclamation was the first triumphal celebration. In those days it would have been quite unnatural to acclaim the general as victor without at the same time placing the golden crown of victory on his head. We can see what the jubilation and enthusiasm of such a victorious acclamation was from the description of Titus' war in Judea. Josephus tells us that the Romans carried their eagles into the temple and stood them at the eastern gate of the inner temple; then they offered sacrifice to them and, amid loud congratulations, proclaimed Titus the victor. The shouting, howling bestowal of the crown of victory on Jesus who, with the commander's staff in his hand, bore bloody wounds on His body beneath the red mantle of the general, represented the first rousing celebration of victory round the general immediately after the bloody action; it is the scene of the acclaiming

of an *imperator*, the greeting of the victor on the battlefield.

However, at the joyful celebration of triumph on the battlefield, there was not only the victor but also the defeated; and it was the privilege of the victorious general to determine, at his own discretion, what was to be done with the defeated enemy. At that time, however, the fate of prisoners was quite different from what it is in our times. In war today the greatest danger is no longer captivity, but battle. It was quite the reverse in the time of Christ. Protected by their armor, shields and helmets, the opposing soldiers could fight away for weeks. They dealt many wounds indeed, but killed a ridiculously small number. According to Josephus, one day of hard fighting resulted in six dead and 300 wounded. But when the soldier was finally conquered and made a prisoner of war after long, stubborn resistance and after scornfully refusing the mercy earlier offered him, misery began for him in dead earnest, especially if he was a rebel. If the victorious general approached, custom and military regulations required that the vanquished fall at his feet and greet him with a loud cry, "Hail, Caesar!" or, "Hail, O king!" This prostrate greeting was the prayer for mercy, a petition for pardon.

Here was the critical moment. If, at this greeting, the victorious general remained cold and silent, he as much as said, "No pardon, no mercy." Then usually he at once specified the punishment of the prisoners, the sword, the cross, or the rack. Thus, after vic-

tory in the Roman war of the slaves, 6,000 captive slaves were crucified. Sulla had 12,000 vanquished Romans slaughtered in Praeneste and had 8,000 defeated Samnites cut to pieces at the gates of Rome, warning the terrified senators not to let themselves be disturbed by the trifling cries of the dying. In like manner Titus, through his freedman Fronto, had the captive Jews mustered in the temple. Josephus tells us that Fronto first had all that were rebels or members of the bands put to death; of the other prisoners, 11,000 were starved. The reputedly gentle Titus later gave an entertainment in the theater of Caesarea on his brother's birthday, at which more than 2,500 captive Jews perished by wild beasts, fire, and gladiatorial combat.

If the victorious general, the *imperator* of the battlefield, meant to show mercy, he acknowledged the greeting of the prostrate prisoners. Mercy was shown in different ways. The most handsome prisoners were selected for the triumphal procession (they were afterward probably sold as slaves). The most capable were sent to the mines; others were put on the galleys to ply the long, heavy oars to the time-beat of the *hortator* in the hot interior of the triremes; others were to be gladiators and victims of the gladiatorial games; the rest were sold to slave traders under the lance, on which hung a crown of victory. Often the prisoner was first made to witness the violation of his wife or the death of his children.

One can scarcely picture a more revolting or sharper contrast than that

offered by a triumphal celebration on the battlefield. On one side the shouting, irrepressible victors in their revel of blood; on the other the stolid, gloomy, disconcerted vanquished who are face to face with an uncertain, miserable fate; and between the two groups, the general at the height of his fortunes, reeling with the intoxication of success. In the distant days of antiquity victory held a thrilling satisfaction for the fortunate general, since by his single word he could decide the fate of vast numbers of prisoners. We can understand how Sapor, the barbarian king of Persia, in the proud flush of victory had the scene of the triumph of his military career engraved in gigantic figures on his tomb, showing Valerian, the emperor of Rome, prostrate at his feet with hand upraised, begging for mercy and crying out, "All hail, O king of the Persians!" Those soldiers, therefore, who bent the knee before Jesus, and begged mercy, crying, "Hail, King of the Jews," were portraying that highly dramatic moment in the triumphal procession in which the victorious Messias-king, flushed with triumph, stands at the pinnacle of His power and speaks the word that will decide the life and death of the prostrate vanquished.

Every one of those Syrian soldiers had daydreams of sometime being able to take part in a rollicking triumphal celebration. They shuddered with aversion at the thought of being vanquished prisoners of war, forced to prostrate themselves and beg for life,

They had all grown up in Judea and from childhood knew the aspirations of the Jews for the mighty Messias soon to come. Often enough they had made fun of the coming Messias with secret uneasiness in their hearts. And now at last Jesus stands there before them as the Messias, naked, covered with the bloody marks of their scourges. This bald reality is so fundamentally different from their expectations and their secret fears that the inborn Syrian love of derision inevitably breaks forth with full force. "Now the Jewish Messias," shouts some leading scoffer, "has at last won a glorious and complete victory over us." And others cry, "His magnificent victory must be magnificently celebrated." Thus the farce of the soldiers began with, "Hail, Thou in victor's crown, Saviour of the land of Juda!" The roles are taken spontaneously. Some of the soldiers make up the victorious Jews, the others the vanquished Romans. The plot runs something like this: The Jewish Hero, the terrible Messias, has just forced His way into the fortress of Antonia, marked with many honorable wounds and showing unparalleled bravery. Amid the greatest joy and congratulations of His people, this Hero, radiant with victory, is garbed in the red cloak of the general as master of the battlefield, is acclaimed as *Imperator* and Messias and, because of His valor, receives the victor's crown on His head and the honorable staff of the commander in His hand. At the pinnacle of His glory and fortunes as victor He is now, according to the laws of the battlefield, greeted by the pros-

trate Syrians begging and pleading for mercy and pardon, "Hail, Thou Messiah-king of the Jews!"

While this mock triumphal celebration fits to a nicety into that period of Jewish history when the bands of Jewish rebels and hopes for a victorious Messiah surged through the land, we can only guess at some details. It can never be definitely established where the soldiers so quickly secured the scarlet mantle. There are several possibilities. A mantle was at that time a square piece of cloth; such a red cloth could have been taken from the military stores of the Antonia. There must have been such material in store for special needs, to be used either as smaller tactical field pennants or as larger signal flags to be seen from afar. It is not at all impossible that the red mantle came from Barabbas; for he had been captured leading an uprising. During battle the Roman general stood in red mantle beside his standard so as to be clearly distinguishable to his men. In the surprise attack Barabbas did not have a standard with him, but without arousing suspicion he could have made use of the red mantle, so that his confederates might clearly see him and his signals for the beginning and conduct of the battle. The possibility is not entirely excluded that the whole comedy had been planned and prepared long beforehand for Barabbas, as the liberator of the temple and the leader of the uprising, and that Barabbas escaped the contumely by his release.

We are also left to conjecture where the thorns came from that were woven

into the crown. If we think of the many million feet of barbed wire that were used in the 1st World War as obstructions before the trenches, it becomes quite conceivable that antiquity also made use of thorns, sharp-pointed branches of trees, and the like, as obstructions in front of their military positions. The Antonia could have had some such a strong hedge with sharp thorns as obstructions to the west at the edge of the Struthio (sparrow) pond, which protected the south and weakest part of the west wall of the Antonia. This ingenious cluster of sturdy thorn bushes on the banks of the pond gave the little birds a quiet place to nest, and perhaps from the thorny hedge with its sparrows this pool of the fortress got the name Sparrow pool. Thorn bushes might well have been the characteristic shrubbery for such a castle as the Antonia. If a hard-pressed camp or fortress was relieved, the liberated soldiers did not indeed at once have at hand the shrubbery generally used for the victory crown, the laurel, myrtle and oak, but they quickly gathered here and there the branches from the local shrubbery and quickly wove them into a victory crown, which amid shouts of exultation they at once carried to the approaching liberator. Now, that was called the *corona graminea*, by far the most honorable of all victory crowns because it was the first to be awarded. When the soldiers crowned Jesus with this crown of thorns, the *corona graminea*, the highest of all victory crowns, they made their mockery as cutting as they could.



SOLID SOUTH AND FROZEN NORTH

By MARGARET HALSEY

Condensed chapter of a book*

WHITE people, discussing race relations, spend a great deal of time talking about the nature of the Negro. The Negro is (or is not) a child; the Negro is (or is not) lazy, and so on. But the nature of the Negro is more or less irrelevant. Any group of persons subjected to a consistent course of treatment, good or bad, will bear the earmarks of that treatment. If you change the treatment, the earmarks will change, too. In a democracy you cannot discriminate against a minority without creating the bitterest resentment in that minority. This is not Negro nature, but human nature, which resents false promises a good deal more intensively than it resents no promises at all.

To forget for a single moment the steady, pulsing tide of Negro resentment is to lose one of the main threads in the tangled skein of interracial relationships. Much Negro conduct is partially explainable in terms of this resentment, and some of it is explainable only in such terms. In those parts of the South where there are large communities of uneducated and untrained Negroes, a popular argument against racial equality is that the Negro is an unreliable employee who comes to work only when he feels like it. This behavior is brought forward as evi-

dence of an irresponsibility which (it is said) unfit the Negro for the role of first-class citizen.

But that is only one possible interpretation. You can make the Negro ride in Jim Crow cars. You can deny him the right to vote, neglect his schooling, and shut him out of all the challenging and stimulating jobs. You can even, if life seems unbearably dull, select a Negro more or less at random and lynch him. But there is one thing you cannot do. You cannot make him work if he doesn't want to. His refusal, in some cases, to take work seriously may very well be his way of striking back. It may be that, having observed how much importance white people attach to getting things done, he hits them where he knows it will hurt by laughing at work and denying its value.

Negro resentment is sometimes misplaced and sometimes shrill, hysterical, and tasteless. But no matter what form it takes the Negro's resentment shows how pervasive democracy is. It shows that the idea of democracy has penetrated into every stratum of our society.

Southerners are usually much more frightened by Negro resentment than Northerners, who tend to be much less aware of it. Among my souvenirs are

*Color Blind. 1946. Simon and Schuster, 1230 6th Ave., New York City. 165 pp. \$2.50.

a number of letters from Southerners who say that I and other Northerners who have not lived or traveled in the South have no right to "interfere" in the relations between Negroes and whites in this country. For different reasons, both Northerners and Southerners often make the mistake of assuming that the race situation is an exclusively Southern problem. Actually, it is an American problem. While it has different aspects in the North and South, anything that is done about it, good or bad, has national repercussions; and the individual citizen is involved, not as a Northerner or as a Southerner, but as an American.

If the race situation is anybody's special and exclusive problem, it is almost truer to say that it is the North's rather than the South's. The North has a greater responsibility than the South because it has superior equipment for dealing with the problem. The North has a more bracing climate than many parts of the South. It is a richer section of the country, with all that that implies in terms of general levels of health and education. And while many Northern citizens are prejudiced against Negroes, that prejudice is not usually trained into them so intensively or at so early an age as is customary in the South.

Denouncing the South is like saying to someone with appendicitis, "Brother, you had no business having an inflamed appendix in the first place. But since you've been stupid enough to get one, just go tear it out with your bare hands and don't expect any

help from me." The Northerner, offended and angered by Southern sentiments, has only one telling and effective answer: to take a personal interest in and responsibility for letting down racial barriers in the North, where it is somewhat easier to do.

To permit our Negro minority to spread out is the paramount necessity of this race situation, and the first steps in this direction will have to be taken by the people best fitted to do it, the Northerners. The circular dilemma into which white people fall is to herd Negroes into ghettos because they are afraid of them, and then to be afraid of them because they never see them except in phalanxes. But white Americans outnumber Negro Americans ten to one, and the area of the U. S. is 3 million square miles. There is plenty of room for our Negro minority to fan out and disappear into the crowd.

Most white people are acquainted with Negroes only in menial capacities, and this, with rare exceptions, is the only kind of Negro ever portrayed in the movies or over the radio. To the average white person, therefore, social equality suggests compulsory association with the only kind of Negro he has ever seen, the Negro in the humble job. In reality, there are 55,000 Negro college graduates in this country, as well as a flourishing respectable Negro middle class.* But few white people know anything about them, because they are not permitted to live or work in the places where their cultural and commercial interests would lead

*And 22 priests.—Ed.

them if they were not Negroes.

Northerners find it hard to remember, though most of them know, that a basic reason for the violence of Southern attitudes is the larger proportion of the Negro minority which lives in the South. If Northerners opened up jobs and schools and churches and neighborhoods to Negroes some of the South's overlarge proportion of Negro residents would be drained away from it. The tension of Southern whites would be then somewhat diminished. They would feel less threatened by the "black tide" of which they have a genuine, if unrealistic terror, and the way would be clearer than it is now for Southern liberals to work toward racial equality in the South. Finally, it would be much more difficult to use the Negroes as cheap labor if they were encouraged to leave their sealed-in communities (wherever they exist) and to distribute themselves more evenly through the various ranks of the white population. A beginning would then be made in breaking up the vicious circle of fear of the Negro and manipulation of that fear by persons interested in exploiting him.

The dubious reader is going to point out that this sounds fine on paper, but neither Negro Americans nor white Americans are ready for it. That is quite true. They are not. A large proportion of our Negro minority has not had the schooling to equip it for more challenging jobs or more responsible positions than it has now. A proportion of our white majority has not yet

outgrown its blustering, childish self-love. But life, unfortunately, does not wait until people are ready for things. The families whose sons were killed in the war were not ready to be bereaved. The tides of history do not pause at the flood and slap about aimlessly, awaiting our convenience. History, in the old phrase of hide-and-seek, says, ". . . eight, nine, ten. Ready or not, here I come."

To avoid crippling disillusionments, steps taken to improve race relations have to be made in the full knowledge that some Negro Americans and some white Americans are not ready for them. At the same time that we open to Negroes previously closed jobs and previously closed neighborhoods, we will have to be providing the education which will make them equal to their new responsibilities. Simultaneously, we will have to educate white people by laboratory demonstrations that interracial projects will not only work, but will free the white people who participate in them of a very considerable burden of guilt.

We will have to do many things at once. Any woman who keeps house can testify that the moment the doorbell rings is almost the precise, identical segment of time when the rice boils over and the baby falls downstairs. There is nothing especially new to human experience in having to take care of everything at once. It is often, as a matter of fact, referred to with pride as the American tradition. "The difficult we do right away. The impossible takes a little bit longer."

CARDINAL STRITCH

By
THOMAS B. MORGAN

As correspondent for the United Press Mr. Morgan has covered Rome for more than a generation. His intense personal interest in great ecclesiastics, together with his writing ability, have combined to produce a remarkably human book. Usually everyone is surprised to learn that he is not a Catholic.



Condensed chapter of
a book*

the purple, I found him exploring the stratosphere of thought with a humility bowed to timidity lest he offend. Garbed as a simple priest, he was working in the chancery. His serious and shy countenance denoted a submissive heart. Of medium stature, his locks of white enhancing his paternal mien, his eyes laboring behind heavy lenses, he avoided all effort of show. His voice was soft and persuasive, seeming to admit that others have a right to talk, too. He conversed slowly as if meditating on the correctness of his thought. His material is pondered, and because his knowledge is great he is able to sight all the angles from which a subject can be viewed.

I recalled to him the great name he had himself created by his love of scholarship. When he was elected Bishop of Toledo by Benedict XV, the word was spread through the Vatican that the promotion had been earned by his profound intellectual penetration.

Always within fixed bounds, his studious efforts did not wander into fields of science other than those which had a bearing upon his duties as a priest and shepherd of souls. He loved the arts, especially those arts which

CONTRASTS run all through the structure of the Church—a fighting priest here, a devoted scholar there. Cardinal O'Connell, almost with no holds barred, reproved a papal secretary of state, condemned a state lottery, and in acrid vein repudiated men unfit for public office. Cardinal Mundelein, with more wit than malice, made Hitler fighting mad by calling him a paperhanger. He influenced Chicago politics and entertained a President of the U. S.

Then there are the mystics, philosophers, and scholars. They are unsung but not always forgotten. In our day, out of the vast number who laboriously yet unostentatiously perform their devotions and make their meditations, comes one who with silent tread and unheralded becomes a cardinal. He is Samuel Cardinal Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, mystic, scholar, philosopher and writer.

In my last talk with Cardinal Stritch, which was after he had been raised to

*Speaking of Cardinals. 1946. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York City, 19.

264 pp. \$3.

could redound to the benefit of religion. Music, painting, and sculpture enjoyed a cherished place in his endeavors. Architecture received the rank of a major course in his personal curriculum. His knowledge served him to good purpose because it was not long after he was made Bishop of Toledo that he was called upon to build a new cathedral.

His knowledge of architecture was so thorough that he could call upon it for the detailed as well as the general design of shrines and chapels. The cathedral's Spanish lines show how he was influenced by what he had seen in Toledo in old Spain, in Granada and other places. It took the knowledge of great cathedrals to construct an edifice like the cathedral of Toledo.

Samuel Alphonsus Stritch was born in Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1887, of Irish parents. The name Stritch may seem more German than Irish, but it is of ancestral Gaelic lineage. His father, a schoolmaster, was born in Ireland. His mother was a Malley. Deep family attachment to the Catholic faith steered the son's education in the beginnings of spiritual experience. While he was deep in his high-school studies, he announced to his mother that he intended to be a priest. She discouraged his boldness in such a youthful decision.

"Mother," he replied, "you should not interpose yourself in the call of God."

At 14 he was ready to begin his college studies and entered St. Gregory's college in Cincinnati. He was ready

to take up theology at 16. The Bishop of Nashville, Thomas Byrne, sent him to Rome.

Wanting in years and spare in physique, he presented himself as a not too hopeful prospect for the rough handling of the North American college. He arrived during the summer session, so that he was received in the suburban retreat at Castelgandolfo. The students thought that a tourist had strayed away from his traveling troupe. To make the judgment all the more conclusive, he was wearing knickers. Adding injury to misfortune, it was the fate of young Stritch to be nearsighted. He wore a pair of heavy lenses protectively rimmed.

But it was soon learned also that he had a command of Latin which could put the older students to slight embarrassment if not to shame. Of course, the knickers were replaced by the cassock, and it was inevitable that Stritch looked more of a theologian than they did; for while he was but a boy, his lean frame and ascetic countenance combined to make him look theological even though juvenile.

This summer retreat in the Alban hills and the entire neighborhood abounded in Christian shrines. He explored the cathedrals and the churches round about. With a guide and carrying a torch, he ferreted into the labyrinthian passages of the caves of Grottaferrata, in which is enshrined the miraculous Madonna of the Basilian monks. The Appian Way ran right alongside the grounds of the college. Every monument, relic and ruin made

a chore for Stritch; for he was never satisfied until he had deciphered all the Latin inscriptions on them.

At the North American college baseball was, of course, the sport which had the major call, because it was easy to choose up sides and thus collect two playable aggregations. A few played golf. His classmates tried to work young Stritch in on the game of baseball, first, because they wished to have enough players, and secondly, very secondly, because they were touched with the altruistic spirit of giving the frail theologian a little outdoor exercise for his health.

Bishop James A. Griffin, of Springfield, Ill., was a classmate of Stritch. Griffin was a good player, and as is the custom, a good player was generally charged with picking a side. Stritch would always be the last man chosen. As Stritch stood apart, the lone survivor of the pickings, and it fell to Griffin's lot to pick him, Christian compassion surpassed baseball intuition as he included him on his side.

With Ralph Hayes, now Bishop of Davenport, Iowa, he set about to teach Stritch something of the technique of practical baseball. He did not want him to be an outsider just because he could not pitch or catch. Griffin and Hayes made patience a virtue, but try as they would, they could not teach Stritch the sport. One day Griffin drove a cannon-ball drive in the direction of Hayes. It missed his head by only the fraction of one of its seams. Stritch saw the quasi-calamity. It had fortunately been indecisive for Hayes, but

it was decisive for Stritch. He was through with baseball. It was as if he had excommunicated it for its willful disregard for the 5th commandment.

Somehow baseball had to go on even without Stritch. With studies and devotions cramming their schedule, the students found their only outlet in baseball. They still picked sides and played in the Borghese gardens, Rome's public parks. It was a strange sight to see these sacerdotal aspirants in their cassocks—for they were not allowed to go out except in cassocks—trying to pitch, catch, field, and run bases. They tucked the skirt of the cassock into their belts. While this may or may not have improved their running speed, it certainly dislodged their dignity.

It was a strange sight for Italians, for sports in Italy were then almost unknown. They looked on and wondered. Then they passed by, thinking that providence should be thanked that no Italians ever engaged in such a spectacle where a cassock was being worn and taken off at the same time. Stritch used to go along, but only in the role of a scorekeeper—and in a cassock properly worn.

The students of the college quite often visited the villa of Merry del Val, when he was secretary of state. The cardinal had a predilection for the Americans and often invited them to tea. His presence impressed them with its commanding dynamism, but Stritch in those teen years was not sure whether a cardinal should engage in the diversions of ordinary men.

Merry del Val would talk tennis, hunting, horsemanship, and would listen to the Americans tell him about baseball. Customarily he offered them an exhibition of his marksmanship. On one occasion when Sam was present, he set up a row of Italian pennies, which were the size of a silver dollar, and placed them on the edge of the garden wall. He then went to the other end of the garden, took up the rifle, and shot each of the ten pennies one after the other as if he had been an expert at a military fete.

This display by a prince of the Church did not coincide with the lofty concept which Sam Stritch entertained of them. He told Griffin he thought it a surrender of cardinalatial dignity.

Pius X was Pope when Stritch was a student in Rome. Though they were two generations apart, their natures ran parallel with each other. Pius X was a meditative, communing personality. His spirit dwelt more on the ways of heaven than those of earth. The world and the quarrels of men and nations were abhorrent to his soul. With love, unostentatious and sublime, he knew that humanity could be saved.

Young Stritch often cherished the pattern of this contemplative spirit. He was not one to devise means by which man became the enemy of man. Pondering on how to make man just became a passion. He sought out the great books on philosophy and ethics so that he might discover the key that would turn man from evil to good. The contrite heart and humble spirit of the Pope revealed to Stritch a na-

ture which, in its silent and reserved way, was winning souls. Meditation on the good fitted into the personality of Stritch. It was for others to engage in worldly spectacles and to seek to reform humanity by going along with humanity.

When he was finally ordained, he embraced the occasion with grave presentiment; for as a priest he would return to his own diocese.

But far from being without honor in his own town, he was covered with it. Bishop Byrne, who had chosen him for his talents beforehand, was gratified by them now. He appointed him a curate in the Cathedral of St. Patrick in Memphis.

The happy combination of an encyclopedic knowledge and a meditative mind served to enhance Stritch's priestly potentialities. This was the more noticeable because he so outshone his own colleagues by what he knew. His analysis and logic in spiritual abstractions was easily discernible in his preaching. He possessed the qualities which would recommend themselves to a bishop who was seeking in his diocese a likely man for episcopal honors. In the case of Stritch, he was made a pastor, then he became chancellor of the diocese and superintendent of the parochial schools. This was to give him the touch of the levers of administration.

When he left Rome, his reputation for knowledge and priestly talent had been registered in the minds of the prelates of the Consistorial Congregation, which is charged with the respon-

sibility of recommending to the Pope the names of candidates for the episcopate. What with this reputation and the skill he had shown in the diocesan chancellery, he was definitely enrolled in Rome, too, as a coming bishop. November 30, 1921, he was chosen to assume an episcopal throne. I remember that day and how at the North American college his name had been glorified as one of the greatest scholars ever to have entered its halls. Now he was but 34. At that moment he was the youngest bishop in the world, though later Kearney of Brooklyn was made a bishop when he was 32.

Some 14 years had passed since Sam Stritch had lamented the worldly spectacle of a cardinal shooting a rifle. Now, however, succumbing to the persuasive power of his athletic classmate, Bishop Griffin, he admitted to a necessity for physical exercise. He was induced to take up golf. He learned but never embraced the game with the enthusiasm of an addict. While he and Griffin were on a vacation in Florida with other prelates, the group decided on a game of golf. Stritch begged off and was found at the end of the course under a tree reading a volume of an encyclopedia.

The diocese of Toledo was just ready to embark on a period of expansion; and this opportunity was thrust upon Stritch. His endeavors always kept to the bond with his own nature, namely, that by enriching the spiritual, all other things, whether material, social, or educational, would fall into their proper place in diocesan progress.

He ordered the formation of various organizations to encompass the spiritual welfare of the people. He was naturally engrossed in the Catholic education of children and young men and women. With a concentrated diocesan effort, he was able to muster the resources to build a million-dollar high school. He established a teachers' college and built seven new churches. Then, to crown a short episcopate of but eight years, he constructed, as we said before, his own cathedral. This was a life's work in a short span. Now he was called to another promotion. On April 26, 1930, upon the death of Archbishop Messmer, Pope Pius XI chose him to be Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Milwaukee was rich in educational institutions and churches and had a famous cathedral. The completed material structure gave Stritch the opportunity to intensify spiritual values. His campaign for the expansion of the Holy Name societies increased membership from 15,000 to 50,000. Units of the Catholic Youth organization had been established in but 125 parishes when he took charge of the archdiocese. In nine years he increased those to 547.

And it was in Milwaukee that his preaching began to find response in the times. He saw the nazi danger to religion in Germany. Thousands of his flock were of German extraction, but his condemnation of nazi doctrine found willing acceptance among his communicants. He consolidated the various Catholic societies under one

organization so that it was able to dispense two million dollars in charitable works in nine years. While his work in Milwaukee archdiocese did not record the construction which featured his Toledo endeavors, what was accomplished in the spiritual realm was quite appealing to Rome. His work had pleased three previous popes, and now it was to please a fourth, Pius XII. On the death of Cardinal Mundelein, the call was given to Stritch. On March 7, 1940, he was enthroned to rule over 1,652,857 Roman Catholics in the archdiocese of Chicago and more than 2,000,000 in the province of Illinois, over which he assumed the title of Metropolitan.

The Apostolic Delegation in Washington always was cognizant of the many-sided and many-angled nature needed by a keeper of Chicago's morals. To begin with there are many national-origin differences. Because of national distinctions, there may be four or five Catholic churches in an area where one would do.

Unlike Mundelein, Stritch keeps a wide distance between himself and the politicians of Chicago. His loftiness of thought conceives it as his function to promulgate the principles on which a righteous political life could be built. He prescribes his course as completely outside the political conflicts which be-devil the region. Mayor Kelly was a frequent visitor with Mundelein, but he hardly ever sees Stritch. Mundelein used to recommend directly or indirectly men he regarded as worthy for public office. It is outside archiepisco-

pal dignity today to interfere in the political quarrels which sweep the city.

Stritch, too, had given a great deal of study to economic and sociological problems. According to Bishop Griffin, this began when he was a student in Rome. He commenced his humanitarian projections with a profound absorption of *Rerum Novarum*, the encyclical on labor by Leo XIII. He followed this up with weighty deliberation on all the pronouncements of the Catholic Church. Especially was he imbued with the principles enunciated in the labor encyclical of Pius XI, which sought to establish the principle that labor was now not a chattel, as had so often been claimed, but was life, and that the dignity of the worker should always be defended. He based his own pronouncements on labor mainly on those two papal pronouncements.

But with all these multifarious interests, I asked Cardinal Stritch whether or not there was any great problem in Chicago which stood out beyond the others. In his soft and measured speech, he said that it was his belief that all problems were dealt with in the course of their existence, and efforts made as circumstances demanded. I enumerated various telling chores like the problem of nationalities, the labor problem, the race problem, and the problem of child delinquency. But the cardinal was quite calm. He appeared to be satisfied that what had been done and what was then projected was at least equal to the call. The way had been shown; it was the responsibility

of the individual to follow. To this end he kept in close contact with all the various lay organizations of his charge, invited the leaders to conferences with him, and while he checked their activities, he also indicated for them the definite lines on which their progress should be made and their activities undertaken.

I talked about the features of the Chicago archdiocese with one of my fellow newsmen there. He brushed all the usual archdiocesan activities to one side.

"The most outstanding fact about the Chicago archdiocese," he said quite sincerely for a member of the profession noted for its cynicism, "is the happy balance of the hierarchy. While Peter had his Paul, so Cardinal Stritch has his own crusader, too, and right in

his own time. He is Bishop Bernard J. Sheil."

While Bishop Sheil curls his way with bountiful vigor through the streets and boulevards, whether they be swank or slum, the cardinal and chief pastor plans the course of his populous flock, the most numerous and variegated in all the world. Deep spiritual communion runs through the daily labors of the cardinal, filled with its multitudinous mélange of problems either to solve or circumvent. In chancery and chapel, in the colleges and the cathedral, he gives out his acquired store of inspirational bounty and leavens the religious life of students, priests, and laymen. His is the humility of being the least. Though master, he is the servant. He knows how blessed are the meek.



The Last Word

VISITING in this country recently, affable Bishop William Cobbens of Finland didn't let a limited knowledge of English subdue a natural bent for repartee. One rainy evening he found himself sharing a taxi with a well-dressed, elderly gentleman who spoke admiringly of clergymen and religions in general. A Methodist himself, the gentleman couldn't quite understand why Catholics had to be so insistent on their saints and especially the blessed Virgin.

Before the listening bishop had a chance to formulate his words of explanation, the taxi arrived at his destination. The gentleman kept control of the conversation even then. "I'll take care of the bill," he insisted, "You say a Hail Mary for me and we'll call it square."

Bishop Cobben, not willing to let the issue hang in the air, hovered for a moment at the cab door. "You don't mean a Hail Mary," he reminded, with pointed humor. "You mean an Our Father, don't you?"

James M. Gilloegly.

Missionary Rosebush

By LYLE TERHUNE

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

DURING the last 20 years since Miss Irene Farley began her unique apostolate, she has raised more than \$260,000, all of which has been sent to the Pontifical Society of St. Peter, Apostle, for the education of native clergy in foreign lands.

Her story reads like one of Butler's *Lives*. She was born in 1893, at St. Cyrille, Quebec, of French-Canadian and Irish parentage. Her family later settled in Manchester, N. H. She was obliged to leave school and assist her family by working in a shoe factory. Not until she was 27, with brothers and sisters educated and established in life, could she carry out her own plan to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of the Assumption at Nicolet, Quebec.

For 18 months she planned for the day when she would be qualified to make her profession as a teaching Sister. Suddenly, serious illness broke into her dreams. Doctors decided that the young novice had contracted an acute form of tuberculosis. No hope was held out for recovery; she was brought home to die.

Nine years before, Irene had first heard of a lovely young Carmelite nun, who had faced, and suffered, a painful death from tuberculosis. This was Sis-

ter Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Interesting herself in the canonization of the Little Flower, Irene corresponded with the Carmel at Lisieux, and began obtaining signatures for the cause to be presented at Rome.

In 1913, she was appointed American representative for the Carmel at Lisieux in handling religious articles pertaining to Sister Thérèse. In this manner she entered into correspondence with Carmelite monasteries and friends of the little Sister all over the U. S. and Canada. All this was when she was still working in a shoe factory in Manchester. During Irene's 18 months in the Assumptionist novitiate her little store of religious articles pertaining to Sister Thérèse of the Child Jesus had been kept intact in her parents' home. Thus it was that upon returning home in February, 1922, she again turned her thoughts to the saintly Sister Thérèse.

In face of death slowly closing in upon her, Irene began, on Feb. 10, 1922, a novena to Sister Thérèse and Our Lady of Lourdes, asking to be cured, if it were the will of God. On the second day, her interior gloom suddenly lifted. A profound sense of peace and health seemed to flow through every part of her body. She realized that she was cured. Detailed, pro-

longed examinations by physicians revealed not the slightest cicatrice of the lungs. Immediately upon her recovery, Irene began to plan a return to the Assumptionist novitiate. The superior, fearful lest her recovery prove temporary, advised delay.

Eight months after her cure, on Nov. 19, 1922, Irene received from Lisieux a consignment of leaflets inviting all Sister Thérèse's clients to donate funds in her honor to encourage native vocations to the priesthood. Reading this appeal, Irene recognized her special vocation. "If I cannot go to the missions myself, at least I can work to send others in my place," was her decision.

Her patroness, Sister Thérèse, has since become the saint of the century. Her statue appears in almost every church and chapel. Savants, philosophers, theologians quote her words; priests, nuns, students, workers, children, saints and sinners invoke her intercession. Her "little way of spiritual childhood" has become the lexicon by which innumerable "little souls" have learned the truths of eternal life.

Miss Farley's methods are simple. She first approached a friend, inviting her to contribute a quarter each month toward the work. She still thinks in terms of quarters, and is amazed when clients of St. Thérèse send in \$1,000 checks. The friend handed her a quarter so readily that Miss Farley was emboldened to suggest that they visit their pastor and ask his consent to reorganize a parish charitable group, each member to contribute 25¢ month-

ly to the Society of St. Peter, Apostle, for education of native clergy.

At the second meeting of the group, Irene was elected secretary, the only title she has ever held. The name of the group, Missionary Rosebushes of St. Thérèse, is exemplified in its organization. Five dollars monthly supplies one mystical rosebush, or the support of one native seminarian for one month in a seminary in his native land. Each rosebush is composed of 20 branches, at 25¢ a branch.

Miss Farley never begs, never publicizes. She once published a magazine in honor of St. Thérèse, the *Rose Petal*, but because of other work, finally got a year behind with the issues and had to abandon publication.

This article is the first ever written about her work. It resulted from a chance visit to Manchester and it took a week of persistent interviewing to secure the facts upon which it is based. Irene's life is humble and monastic in its severity. Mass and daily Communion in the early morning, then breakfast, and her busy day is begun. Working alone, without typist or accountant, she works incredible hours, answering letters, getting out reports, talking to callers.

Miss Farley receives no salary. She lives, works, prays, in the little gray cottage provided for her use by the diocese, which also supplies her modest living expenses. The tiny house is meagerly furnished, with few conveniences as the world rates them, but is rich in relics of the Little Flower and curious gifts of grateful missioners.

One horse survived

Custer's Wrong Stand

By BRUCE NELSON

Condensed chapter
of a book*



In 1874 General Custer and his 7th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Abraham Lincoln near Bismarck, Dakota Territory, set out for the Black Hills to investigate rumors of gold. The Black Hills were Indian territory, promised to the Sioux for "as long as the grass shall grow or the waters run." If gold was really there, the government should protect the hunting grounds from a white man's rush. And if large quantities were there, the government would be interested in obtaining title to the land and moving the Indians to a new home; the panic of '73 was at its nadir and a big gold strike would be welcome.

On French creek, near the present Custer, the expedition discovered gold in large quantities. The fact was supposed to be kept secret, but news quickly spread over the West and hundreds started for the Black Hills. An attempt was made to halt them; U. S. troops turned back numerous parties bound for the Sioux hunting grounds.

But it was a halfhearted gesture. The wild nature of the country made the military's task virtually impossible. After an unsuccessful attempt at a treaty with the Sioux by which they would relinquish the Hills, the troops were withdrawn and the lands thrown

open. Unquestionably public opinion was almost irresistible; but, also unquestionably, it was a shameless violation of the Indians' rights.

Upon withdrawal of troops, white prospectors by the thousands swept into the peaceful domain of the Sioux and made of it an unlovely countryside, barren of game and inhospitable to its rightful owners. In the cool Anglo-Saxon fashion, the miners occupying Indians' lands made up purses and offered \$200 for each Sioux scalp delivered. Slowly but inexorably the Sioux were driven back, disillusioned and embittered, many to join the sullen Sitting Bull, who sulked in majestic silence on the rolling plains to the west. They were learning, in hardship and hunger, the worth of a conqueror's word.

The white man had sown the wind. Custer and his 7th Cavalry were to reap its harvest a scant 24 months later.

The first wave of gold-seekers poured into the southern portion, near where Custer's expedition had made the original discovery. Custer City had a population of 7,000 before the year was out.

But the big strike was yet to come. John Pearson, a Yankton prospector,

*Land of the Dakotas. University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, Minn. 354 pp. \$3.75.

ranged far into unexplored Indian country. In the fall of 1875 he came upon a gulch filled with dead timber, the result of an earlier forest fire. Pearson struck it rich! He had discovered famous Deadwood Gulch, one of the richest diggings in mining history; the mother lode alone has since yielded more than \$300 million in gold.

Pearson managed to keep his secret until the following spring; then, when news of the fabulous strike got abroad, the rush began. Custer City miners left town at the rate of 1,000 a day; within a week a city of 7,000 became a hamlet of a few hundred.

By summer, 1876, Deadwood Gulch was a teeming gold camp of 25,000. From one end to the other of the narrow canyon stretched a makeshift city; one hell-roaring, gun-fighting, whisky-drinking, gold-digging mass of humanity crammed into a single continuous street that stretched for miles along the canyon floor.

The river steamer *Far West* bucked in the yellow current and tugged at her moorings. It was in sultry June, 1876; the *Far West* had nosed her way to the mouth of the Little Big Horn, to await orders from Gen. Alfred Terry. A week had passed, and somewhere in the rugged interior Terry and his troops were ranging Montana prairies in search of the Sioux. The skipper chafed at the delay of a long-awaited courier. The hot wind of the last few days had borne to him the distant crepititation of rifle fire, but there had been no word from the command.

As Captain Marsh stared out over the hazy prairies, the tangled growth at the stream's edge parted suddenly. A lathered, plunging pony slid to his haunches at the riverbank, as the rider jerked him to a stop and signaled to the vessel. It was a Crow scout, in the last stages of exhaustion.

On deck, the Indian squatted and traced on the clean white boards a group of dots. He spoke the Crow word for "white men." Marsh nodded to indicate that he understood. Around the group of dots the Indian traced a second group, which he labeled with the word for *Sioux*. Again the captain nodded. Then with a dramatic sweep the hand brushed out the inner group of dots.

Captain Marsh gasped. But the pantomime drama was true. In that primitive fashion the story of the greatest military disaster in the history of Indian wars was first reported; the annihilation of Custer and his entire immediate command in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

For a clear comprehension of the battle, Indian treaties by which the red men had been persuaded to cede their dwindling lands must be understood. Besides guaranteeing the remaining land in perpetuity, the government was to issue to them certain goods at specified seasons: foodstuffs, blankets, and other supplies. But the Indian traderships under which the government distributed this largess became riddled with graft. Agencies were covertly for sale to the highest bidder.

The trail of the scandal led to high places in Washington.

General Custer, stationed at Fort Abraham Lincoln, had become aware of the conditions. Several New York newspapers exposed the vicious system. Then Custer, always impetuous, made accusations that precipitated the famous Belknap Scandal, which, in turn, paved the way to the terrible responsibility that is Custer's. Summoned before a congressional committee, the dashing general made charges far more sweeping than he could establish, though there is little doubt of them today. But Grant, loyal to friends and appointees, refused to believe them less honest than himself, an error of judgment he was to regret bitterly. When Grant learned of Custer's testimony he was furious. He took a soldier's revenge: Custer was deprived of his command and forbidden to accompany the expedition to crush the Sioux.

This was a bitter blow. At the last moment, General Terry, who succeeded Custer, secured permission for the disappointed general to accompany him. It was a gesture Terry was later to regret.

On the morning of May 17, 1876, Terry and his command moved out of Fort Abraham Lincoln. With characteristic generosity, Terry had placed Custer over his old regiment, the 7th Cavalry. The leathery creak of saddles, the jingle of accouterments, the heavy lumbering of wagon trains mingled with strains of the regimental tune *Garryowen*, as the two-mile-long battle

array swept out with flags astream.

Only one correspondent was authorized: Col. C. A. Lounsherry, editor of the Bismarck *Tribune* and special correspondent for the New York *Herald*. Even this was a concession, for General Sheridan had directed Terry to take no correspondents. "They always make trouble," said Sheridan gruffly, with the professional soldier's classic distaste for witnesses of possible blunder. But at the moment of departure, Lounsherry sent Mark Kellogg, a young employee. Kellogg was called "Man-who-makes-the-paper-talk" by the admiring Sioux, to whom the art of writing was a source of constant wonder.

Sheridan had planned a three-pronged attack that could not possibly have failed had it been executed properly. Terry was to move west from Fort Abraham Lincoln, General Crook north from Fort Fettermann in Wyoming, and General Gibbon from Fort Ellis in Montana. The Sioux were massed near Big Horn river, where the three prongs were to converge, suppress resistance, and escort the Indians back to their reservations.

It was past mid-June when Terry and Gibbons established contact at the confluence of the Rosebud and Yellowstone rivers. They did not know that one arm of the attack had been thwarted already. General Crook had been met and thrown back by a huge force of well-armed Indians under the famous Chief Crazy Horse. Crook retired and encamped, but, with the

country swarming with hostiles, he had no means of reporting the unexpected numbers of the enemy. Terry and Gibbon thought the Indians numbered no more than 1,000 or 1,500. Actually, estimates of the huge camp were later set at 10,000 or 12,000 men, women and children—perhaps 2,000 to 3,000 warriors.

Terry and Gibbon, confident that they could overwhelm any number of Indians they might encounter, decided to prosecute the campaign as scheduled, in spite of Crook's absence. The generals held their council of war aboard the *Far West*. Reno, scouting a few days before, had come upon a fresh Indian trail leading toward the Little Big Horn. It was agreed that the trail had probably been made by the large body they were seeking, and the enveloping strategy was threshed out by Custer, Gibbon, and Terry. Marsh was to take his vessel to the Big Horn, and proceed, if possible, to the mouth of the Little Big Horn.

The plan was clear. On the afternoon of June 22 Yellow Hair and his 7th cantered off over the tawny prairies into history.

It is not difficult to reconstruct the tragedy of that summer afternoon on the brown sloping hills above the river which the Sioux called the Greasy Grass. From Major Reno and his men we have most of the story of what took place after Custer left Terry and Gibbon. Terry had given Custer his written orders. "It is, of course, impossible to give definite instructions, and were

it not impossible to do so, the commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy, and ability to wish to impose precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy. He will, however, indicate his views of what your action should be, and he desires that you should conform to them unless you see sufficient reason for departing from them. He thinks that you should proceed up the Rosebud until you ascertain definitely the direction in which the trail leads. Should it be found—as it appears to be almost certain that it will be found—to lead toward the Little Big Horn, he thinks that you should still proceed southward, perhaps as far as the headwaters of the Tongue, and then turn toward the Little Big Horn."

General Terry doubtless labored diligently over this bit of military prose. He felt the delicacy of his position. He was in command of an expedition that Custer, with some justice, felt he should have led. He knew how thin-skinned Yellow Hair was. And he knew, too, that Custer was smarting under the treatment he had received from President Grant.

But Terry could not afford a fiasco. Gibbon and Custer were to meet in the valley of the Little Big Horn. Co-operation was vital. Coating the pill of duty with the sugar of flattery, Terry tried to bind Custer to a prescribed course of action without giving further offense.

The plan was simple. Gibbon was to move up from the Little Big Horn's

mouth, while Custer moved down from its source. They would trap the Sioux. Gibbon planned to reach his destination on the 26th. Custer, if he followed the route mapped for him, would reach his at approximately the same time.

*A*t 9 P.M. on June 24, Custer's scouts bring to the sleeping regiment the news that they have found the trail mentioned in Terry's orders. It leads toward the Little Big Horn, as Terry anticipated. There is no "sufficient reason," not even a flimsy reason, for departing from the instructions. But Custer, strangely distraught, summons his officers for a conference in his candlelit field tent.

What thoughts race through Custer's mind we can only guess. That he is aware he is about to disobey orders there can be little doubt. He is about to cut his line of march by 50 or more miles, which means the battle will be joined 36 hours before Gibbon's column can arrive. But Custer feels keenly the action of the President, and here is an opportunity to recoup his reputation, steal a march on superiors who have replaced him, and gather the glory of a great victory. The temptation is irresistible.

A brisk command from Yellow Hair, and the column is ordered to set out at midnight under forced march. It is not the first time that men are to perish in the red tempest of unequal battle because a general is jealous of his reputation; nor, unfortunately, is it to be the last time. It is

memorable because of its mystery and drama.

*A*ll night the weary regiment blunders on in pitch blackness. At 9 o'clock next morning, Custer's scouts report a Sioux camp, directly ahead and on the opposite side of the Little Big Horn. It is a big camp, the scouts warn. "You are going to have one hell of a fight," says Mitch Bouyer, even though, through the hills and tangled gullies that flank the river's edge 15 miles away, he has seen but a small part of the village. Custer himself investigates with his field glasses and scoffs that he can see nothing.

Were the rash commander to scout the position properly he would know that tepees stretch for miles along the opposite bank and contain the greatest gathering of savage might ever amassed on the continent. But Yellow Hair is impatient. He dares not waste time, lest Gibbon and his men arrive unexpectedly and rob him of his triumph. The column presses onward.

At noon, when the panting regiment again halts briefly, Custer commits his second serious blunder. Captain Benteen, with three troops, is detached and ordered to scout south and west in search of Indians. Major Reno and Custer continue forward. Captain McDougall, with a single troop, is left behind to guard the slow-moving train of ammunition mules. Firmly convinced that his scouts are mistaken concerning the huge encampment, the commander has violated a cardinal tenet of military tactics. He has di-

vided forces in the presence of a numerically superior enemy.

At 2 o'clock the first Sioux outposts are sighted. A little band of 40 Indians flees, as if panic-stricken, before their approach. Though men and horses are utterly fagged after forced march, Custer halts only to issue battle orders. Major Reno, with three troops, about 112 men, is ordered forward to attack. Custer, with the remaining five troops, is to follow and support his onslaught. No attempt is made to recall Captain Benteen; there is not even a brief delay to permit Captain McDougall and his ammunition train to catch up.

Even now, with the encampment four miles away, the obstinate general refuses to verify its existence. Screened as it is by high bluffs, he remains tragically unaware that the massed might of the great Sioux nation awaits his pitiful handful; that dozens of sharp hidden eyes have marked his progress all through the long forenoon; that even now, in the wooded gullies, the crafty Crazy Horse, Crow King, and Gall are disposing the ambush that is to engulf him.

Two o'clock. The zero hour. Sweating, tense, impatient troopers. The muffled chant of Indian scouts, anointed in preparation for death, as they shuffle in solemn prayer dances. The swift, numb whispering of the long prairie grasses. Above it all a brassy, pitiless sky. Suddenly, over the brush-tangled gullies and the tops of low-lying foothills, the silver voices of cavalry bugles. The lines of lean mounted troopers sweep forward to the assault.

What happened to Custer has preoccupied historians ever since. It is a futile speculation, for the dead cannot speak, and the only living thing on the field two days later was Captain Keogh's horse, Comanche.

To Reno and Benteen we must turn for the only stories of the white man's side of the struggle. Reno, following orders, advanced toward the Little Big Horn with his troops, covering about three miles before he forded it, and turned northward. His appearance above their village surprised the Indians; they had not been aware of the splitting of command, for the terrain made their own observation difficult. As Reno advanced, the Indians who had been marking the progress of Custer's troops turned to meet the more imminent threat. In a few moments Reno's command was confronted by masses of mounted Sioux. "The very earth seemed to grow Indians," Reno testified later.

Dismounting his command, Reno placed his horses in a heavy stand of timber along the riverbank and fought on foot, his extended skirmish line falling back slowly in an arc toward the stream's edge where his right flank was anchored. The friendly Indian scouts who held his left flank broke suddenly and deserted en masse. There was nothing left but take refuge in the timber.

After fighting for half an hour, Reno looked anxiously backward toward the ford for the support promised by Custer. There was no sign of Yellow Hair. His position was rapidly becoming a

deathtrap. Ordering his men to remount, Reno led them upstream in an attempt to reach the ford a mile or two away, but the pressure of the Sioux was too great. The retreat became a rout and the entire command, a welter of threshing men and horses, was compelled to cross where it could. Once across the river, the command took refuge on a high bluff and waited for the assault.

Benteen, meanwhile, after wandering some 15 miles in search of Indians, received a note by courier from Custer ordering him back. Returning, he found the remnant of Reno's command on the blufftop and shared his ammunition with the almost cartridgeless men. A trooper was dispatched to the rear to hurry Captain McDougall's munition train, while Reno and Benteen discussed the situation.

From their vantage point they could see nothing of Custer. Reno's men, shaken by the terrible mauling, were cursing the absent Yellow Hair for deserting them. None guessed the truth, that even as they spoke, Custer and his entire command lay cold in death.

As the afternoon wore on, the assaults became heavier. Thousands of naked howling savages milled about the hillside, approaching closely enough at times to hurl stones into the cavalrymen's ranks. Each time they were driven back by the fire of the desperate troopers. Dead horses and pack rolls were heaped into makeshift barricades.

The battle raged about the butte for

two days and a night before the approach of Gibbon's troops put the Sioux to flight. "They were surrounded by dead, dying and wounded. Men were crying for water, for help, for relief, for life. For 24 hours there was no water. The sun was blazing hot, the dead horses were sickening, the air heavy with a hundred smells, the bullets thick, the men falling, and the bluffs for miles black with jubilant savages."

On the 26th the Sioux fired the prairie and withdrew toward the mountains. Next morning Gibbon's column came into view.

Of all the words written about the mysterious Custer battle, it is perhaps safest to take the eyewitness accounts of those who actually survived the struggle: the Sioux. Here is the story of old Paints Brown, told through an interpreter many years after. Paints Brown was no gifted storyteller; so we may reject any suspicion of literary invention.

"The soldiers were first seen by Indian scouts quite early and when they came in sight of camp the sun was rather high. It must have been about 8 o'clock, breakfast was over, but the fires were still smoking.

"There was not much excitement, and at first we thought it better to surrender as there were so many soldiers in the country, but when Custer came in sight there were not so many, and word went around to get ready. We sneaked from our tents through the tall grass to our ponies and drew

them to us by the long ropes. I was one of the first to mount, but others followed quickly, and we raced toward the soldiers as the bullets came switching through the grass and the leaves of trees. But we were not excited.

"And we fought and the soldiers fought and when we chased a lot across the river we turned and went for those on the hills. The smoke and dust was very thick; you couldn't see anything and we killed lots of our own men because they got in the way.

"Pretty soon the soldiers started to run and we went after them but it wasn't long before they were all killed or wounded. We couldn't tell who was Custer; we couldn't tell anything; their faces were covered with dust and their eyes and mouths were full of it.

"We found a soldier sitting against the dead body of his horse. He was alive but he had been shot through the belly. He could speak a little Sioux, and he said: 'My friends, I am in a bad way, I wish you would take me to a tent.'

"We got off our horses and crowded around and one of us spoke up, 'Why, he is my friend!'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'I was at Standing Rock and Fort Lincoln.'

"We got on our horses again and two of us reached down and took him under the armpits and tried to lead him away, but he said, 'Oh, I can't walk, my legs hurt!' and then he dropped down and died.

"We were looking around and found Captain Keogh, but left him alone, for we saw that he wore a scapular and

we said he was a Black Robe man. We dressed ourselves in the uniforms and put on the swords and took the flags and bugles and marched around, and we marched toward Reno that way, too.

"Reno was up on a hill across from our camp and his men were lying in trenches and they didn't have any water all day and it was very hot. Once in a while a soldier would start down the bluff a-sneaking through the grass. He'd stop and lie still and then he'd crawl along again and we'd let him get pretty close to the river's edge and we'd shoot him. Once a soldier got clear down to the water and drank and filled some round things with stoppers in them with water and started back, but we played with him and shot him.

"And we didn't see Sitting Bull. He was off somewhere in the hills with the women, I think. We saw Comanche, the horse, the only one that got out of the fight, going toward the river. It was Keogh's horse and it was wounded and it walked very slow. We did not think much about it and let it go and the whites got it."

Paints Brown's reference to the wounded animal was prompted by the fact that in later years Comanche was made a pensioner of the 7th Cavalry. He was never ridden again, but was always draped in black and led with the regiment on parade. Knowing how much store the whites seemed to set by him, old Paints Brown was evidently sorry that they had not finished him off when they had the chance.

"After we saw what we had done

some of us thought we would get hanged like the Indians at Mankato, and some of us thought we would not get any rations if we went back to the reservations, and we heard the country was full of more white soldiers coming, and we were all scared, so we broke camp next day and left. We traveled at night to the north and camped during the day.

"We sent out our scouts in every direction but didn't see any soldiers. We brought our wounded with us and they died all along the way and we buried them and our hearts were bad. The women also buried lots of trinkets, like rings and things, that we took from the dead soldiers, because we were scared.

"We had done more than we thought we ever could do, and we knew that the whites were very strong and would punish us."

This story of old Paints Brown is the bare bones of history, stripped of the rosy flesh of glamor and romance. It is the pathetic portrait of a bewildered, persecuted people, impressed against their will into acts of violence and terrible retaliation. And, very likely, it is as accurate a glimpse as we shall ever get of the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Two days after the battle, June 27, the Crow scout Curly brought to Captain Marsh and the *Far West* the story of Custer's fate. Marsh and the other officers aboard the vessel at first refused to credit the tale. But later in the day, as scouts from Gibbon arrived

with orders to make her ready for a race to Fort Abraham Lincoln, the disaster was confirmed.

It became Marsh's duty now to carry back to Fort Lincoln the wounded of Major Reno's command, and to acquaint the world with "perhaps the greatest news story every flashed over a telegraph wire to a stunned and stricken country in the history of the United States." The nearest telegraph wire that could be reached by boat was at Bismarck, 710 miles away.

Gibbon's men, after rescuing the beleaguered Major Reno and his command, had stumbled upon the Custer battlefield. In a gully near by, the silent men of Gibbon's column found Captain Keogh's horse, Comanche, his claybank sorrel hide freckled with bullet holes and bristling like a pincushion with arrows.

The nation was now aroused and the military stung into effective action. A few brief months and the Sioux were beaten, scattered in hungry, shivering bands across the Canadian border. They had become pariahs and outcasts, and there was no longer any question of their "rights" to the lands the nation had promised them. Cattlemen of the South and West had long looked with envious eyes on the lush rolling grasslands of Montana and the Dakotas; a decade after the Sioux defeat saw them firmly entrenched in the Sioux hunting grounds, with great cattle drives from the South bringing in ever more and more animals to the new cattle bonanza.

Masked are the merciful

BROTHERHOOD of Mercy

By CAPT. ALECK RICHARDS

Condensed from the *Catholic Life**

*I*N THE first hectic days of our landing in Italy, when the fighting around Naples was heavy, American boys noticed men in white cloaks and hoods that came partially over the face. They were stretcher-bearers who administered first aid, then carried the wounded off the field.

"Who are those guys?" wondered a GI. "They look like Kluxers."

"Dunno," answered his buddy. "Couldn't be Ku Klux Klan. They don't have 'em here."

What the American boys saw was a work of mercy performed by an organization which had endured for 600 years, with a record for alleviating suffering that had made its name revered throughout Italy. This brotherhood of mercy had its origin in medieval Florence.

Piero di Lucca Borsi, chief porter of the Wool Carriers, stood in the *Piazza San Giovanni* and wiped his sweating face with a broad hand. Muscular legs slightly apart, he looked around at the other porters, his subordinates, who were sprawled in the sun waiting for another load of wool to be taken to the weavers. Some slept, others were throwing dice on a cloth spread over the stones.

A fly tickled the nose of one of the sleepers. He awoke suddenly, cursed

volubly, and brushed the insect away. The loser in the dice game cursed as he rose to his feet. His friends laughed at him, interspersing their laughter with oaths. Piero Borsi frowned.

"You are a disgrace," he thundered. "Every time you open your big mouths, out flies an oath. You take the name of the Lord, the blessed Mother, and the saints in vain. You pay no attention to what the good Father tells you at Mass. You are no better than heathens. Where do you think you will go when you die?"

He stopped for breath. The other men laughed at him. Some scowled. If it had not been their chief who spoke, they would have gone at him with fists and, maybe, knives. But Piero Borsi was respected for his strength, and well liked, for he was a pleasant fellow always ready to lend a hand when someone else's burdens proved too heavy.

"I know what I'll do," Borsi continued. "As your chief, I order each of you to pay a fine every time you curse or take the names of the blessed ones in vain. That fine will go to the poor box in the church."

He meant what he said, and it was done. Members of the Guild of Wool Porters paid their fines cheerfully, but their language did not improve much,

and the money piled up. Then Piero had another idea.

"Let us," he proposed, "purchase a stretcher with our money paid in fines, and carry the sick and wounded. Each will give his services free one day a week, two of us at a time." In those days in medieval Florence, street fights occurred daily; the wool porters turned stretcher-bearers found plenty to do. They also carried the dead to burial and sat up all night with the sick.

Some time later, on March 29, 1329, the city of Florence officially recognized Piero di Lucca Borsi's institution under the name of *Arciconfraternita della Misericordia*, dedicated to the relief of sickness and suffering in the name of *Santa Maria della Misericordia*. Membership in the organization had far outgrown its founders, the Guild of Wool Porters. It had spread up and through all classes and branches of society. It adopted a distinctive garb, red cloak and hood and mask. Under that cloak, behind that mask, might be a humble worker, or the son of one of the noblest families in Florence. Before the Misericordia all were equal. None might accept remuneration for his services beyond a cup of cold water.

In 1348, a frightful disaster overtook Florence: bubonic plague decimated the inhabitants. All who could, fled. But the Brethren of the Misericordia stuck to their posts. They picked up the stricken in the streets, nursed the sick, and fearlessly entered houses marked by the dreaded plague cross, to bring out the dead. To this day, there

is no known remedy for bubonic plague. It can be prevented, but it has a 95% death rate.

A strict quarantine was enforced. Even healthy persons were forbidden to leave a home where the plague had entered. They had no way of procuring food, for had they tried to go into a shop, or even through their street, they would have been recognized and probably stoned to death, so that one of the duties of the Misericordia embraced bringing food and other necessities to those imprisoned by the plague.

Anything which had been used in a stricken home was burned, especially bed linen and clothing, so the Brethren of Our Lady of Mercy provided new garments and linen for the poor. Many children were abandoned in the mad flight of their parents, or were orphaned. The Misericordia gathered the waifs, and supported them in convents or monasteries. Boys learned trades, and girls were given dowries, that they might marry well.

Although the Misericordia was still primarily interested in care of sick and dying and burial of the dead, it had branched out into many different activities. In those days it was very easy to go to prison and very hard to get out. Poor persons often remained in jail for months or years because they could not pay a small debt or fine. It was one of the charities of the Misericordia to restore those unfortunates to their families.

The Misericordia, started with fines imposed on profane wool porters, was

now large, rich, important. It received many gifts and bequests and could afford extended charity. Its founder, Piero Borsi, long since dead, would have been astounded at the results of his crusade against profanity. Women as well as men belonged to the Misericordia, nursing and caring for children.

Now the society built and occupied its own quarters in the *Piazza San Giovanni*, the very place where it had its origin. A famous architect, Orcagna, drew the plans, and the best artists of the time decorated the interior. Here were kept the records, begun in 1361, written in Gothic characters on parchment, bound in large leather volumes, a volume for each quarter year. The records contained lists of members, records of disbursements, of the calls made, and appeals for help answered. They constitute an invaluable history of medieval Florence, and are still extant unless destroyed in the recent war.

In 1425 the Misericordia joined another welfare organization, called the *Compagnia dal Bigallo*. This proved a great mistake, for the Bigallo was far inferior to the Misericordia in organization, personnel, and character. As it declined it took Misericordia with it. The Brethren of Mercy, once so familiar, and beloved by every Florentine, ceased to exist. It was missed, and people talked in a desultory way about reviving it, but nothing was actually done until one day a dramatic incident highlighted the need for Misericordia.

A poor woman died very suddenly in the street. There was no one to aid

her, no one to close her eyes decently, to bear her body away on a stretcher as the Misericordia would have done. A crowd gathered, stared and talked, but did nothing. Women covered their faces and turned away crying, while children ran in and out among their elders, gaping. Here and there a murmur was heard, "If we had the Misericordia this would not have happened."

Then a determined man shouldered his way through the crowd. "Bring me a sheet, somebody," he ordered.

A sheet was brought. He wrapped the woman's body and strode off with it before the staring crowd had time to collect its wits and wonder where he was going. Straight to the City Hall he went, and right into the room where the City Council was in session. There he laid the burden down at their feet and turned back the covering.

He told the astonished councilmen, "You see this poor woman! She died uncared for and unshriven, with no one to bury her. That is what happens without the Misericordia. We must have it restored to us!"

The city authorities agreed with him. A new Misericordia, reorganized and freed entirely from the mischievous Bigallo, again ministered to the needs of the Florentines. The color of the habit was changed. It was now black instead of red, with white to be used when caring for wounded. It had retained the mask, however, which was worn not for purposes of concealment by those who joined the society to expiate some sin, but as a precaution against infection, especially dur-

ing plague times. Again and again the plague came to Florence, in 1495, 1498, 1530, and 1630. Then, as in the first outbreak, the Misericordia was strength to the sick, consolation to the dying and bereaved.

Now the Misericordia had its own hospital. It moved to larger quarters in the *Piazza del Duomo*, near the world-famous cathedral. By this time, the original Misericordia of Florence had branches all over Italy, whose members, whether prince or artisan, labored side by side.

In 1927, the Misericordia's private chapel was enlarged to a church, and other changes made in the old building. Lockers were installed, where members might leave their clothes when they changed to the habits of the Order, and keep those habits when they had finished. A completely modernized hospital was equipped, and the mezzanine housed a surgical clin-

ic, where the best medical talent gave its services. One of the consulting surgeons presented a splendid X-ray machine to the clinic besides donating his skill and knowledge.

The ex-King Victor Emanuel of Italy was an associate, or complimentary member of Misericordia. His son, Crown Prince Humbert, also a member, was active, and took his turn with all the others in performing any service he was ordered. The society is ruled by the captains of the Guards, who are the highest authority. There are 72 of them, 30 priests and 42 laymen, the former headed by the Archbishop of Florence.

Nowadays, although the war is over for Italy, misery there is acute. But wherever there is suffering or destitution, there are found men in the black hood and cloak of the Misericordia, giving alms and food, as they have done for more than 600 years.



Flights of Fancy

She followed her corsage up the aisle.—*Roger Doolcy*.

Mosco-cratic government.—*America*.

They want us to swallow every Stalinist indignity and not even grant us the privilege of burping.—*Eugene Lyons*.

Unruffled as a pail of cold lard.—*W. L. White*.

As Brooklyn as a pop bottle thrown at an umpire.—*Glenn Kittler*.

Flying fishes stitching the waves together.—*Helene Magaret*.

Arizona, where summer spends the winter.—*Good Housekeeping*.

The chairman making a conciliatory bird cage with his fingers.—*Bryan McMahon*.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

India muddles through

MUD

BY SISTER IGNATIUS MARIE,
S.C.M.M.

Condensed from
*The Medical Missionary**

"**W**ATER, water everywhere," sang the Ancient Mariner, but if he had lived in India he would have had a different theme. Here, mud is everywhere. I do not mean the mud on the road now, thanks to the real monsoon downpour that is beating a deafening tattoo on our tin roof and turning the road into a quagmire. That mud does not matter much unless the shower catches you a long way from home. A few hours of sunshine will dry it up and leave the road in good shape. I mean the permanent, or semi-permanent, mud one finds in India. Since the world began, probably no people have made as much use of mud as the Indians. It serves them in countless ways, as cleansing agent, healer, building material.

That an industrious housewife might use sand as an abrasive for cleaning pots and pans does not seem unusual, but in India she just picks up whatever happens to be at hand, or rather, at her feet. If her dishes are of good quality brass, she may toss the dirt around in her hands a few times

to shake out the small pebbles. Inside and out, pots, pans, glasses and plates, all of which are brass, are scoured with mud and rinsed several times. This takes place not only after a meal, but again before the meal as well. The same useful and readily obtainable earth also cleans the hands. I do not think that it does away with "dishpan hands," but perhaps the women are not worried about that.

Frequently, patients are brought to the hospital, especially from the rural districts, well plastered with mud. Sometimes it is plain and undiluted, at other times mixed with soot or more objectionable matter. The patient may have an abscess, stab wound, or ulcer. He may have been gored by a cow or buffalo, or may have a broken bone; anything and everything is treated with a mud plaster.

Stoves are also made of mud. A cube, the size of which varies with the owner's wealth, with two holes and an iron grate at the junction of the holes, does very well. I have seen excellent cakes baked on just such a stove. The cook put the batter in a covered *dekshi* (handleless saucepan) and covered it, top, bottom and sides, with wet mud and put it over the fire. When he considered it nearly done, he put it in the under hole so that it stood beneath the grate. Thus he browned the top. When he finally peeled off the mud and turned out the cake, it was fit to place before a king.

Sometimes the cook has a portable oven. When he wants it particularly hot, he places it over the fire and seals it to the stove with wet mud. Since the

stove itself is of mud there is no need to call in an ironworker when it needs repairs. If there is a crack or the firepot gets too large, the cook merely remedies the situation with wet mud. He seems rather fussy about kneading it a certain way, but in the end the cost is only a pair of dirty hands that can be cleaned—with mud!

From a particular type of mud the Indians make cups and tiny plates, a little larger than a butter chip. They are rusty-red, like our flowerpots. Tea vendors in railway stations sell their refreshing drink in these cups, and when the purchaser has finished his tea, he drops the handleless cup wherever he happens to be. You see the broken chips all over the stations, for the people consume countless cups of tea each day.

The tiny plates are used by the curry merchant—or at least by those who do not use a large leaf, folded into a plate shape and fastened with a thorn or two. Like the cups, the earthen plates are used only once.

From the same variety of red mud, Indian potters make *sarhais*, vessels for holding water. It is surprising how cool a good *sarhai* will keep the water. These pots must be replaced fairly often, but two or three annas will buy a new one.

Houses made of mud are the biggest earthen project in India. Usually they have only one or two rooms, but I have

been in one that had six. It was neat and attractive. The inside walls and ceilings were whitewashed and spotless. In one room there was a wide shelf which held an array of brass dishes, shining after their mud bath. The floors were of mud, hard and smooth. There were enough windows, and consequently adequate light, an asset one does not always find in mud houses.

Sometimes the outside walls are white or colored, but it is remarkable how respectable they look even when mud-colored. They stand up well under the rains, even the torrential, monsoon downpours. And if the roof does leak, well, a little mud will repair it.

From our rocky ridge in Murree we look down hundreds of feet into a valley in which there must be about 100 such mud houses, each one in a beautiful setting of terraced rice fields, cornfields, and rich, flourishing land. Thanks to the monsoon, these terraces are rapidly turning green, but from our height they look like ripples left in sand by a receding tide.

At night the evening meal is prepared outside, and the cooking fires in the beautiful valley are tiny fireflies. In the brilliant moonlight the thousands of pine trees on the encircling slopes are clearly etched, and the tiny mud houses seem no larger than matchboxes, carved out of milk chocolate.

Although the war was fought to destroy Prussianism, all that it has succeeded in doing is to eliminate the initial letter.

Australian Southern Cross.

A people deceived



Behind the Yugoslav Curtain

By CLEMENT S. MIHANOVICH

Condensed from
*Social Justice Review**

YUGOSLAVIA was created by the treaty of Versailles. It was not established by the will of the majority of the people, either Croat or Serb. However, the Serbs had a keen interest in its establishment; it would continue their monarchy. The Yugoslav state was conceived by the so-called peasant leaders of Serbia and Croatia whose main interests, in most instances, were purely personal and pecuniary. Yugoslavia was brought into existence without regard to the differences among the peoples involved. Admittedly, the majority of the citizens were of Serb-Croat origin. Ethnically they were the same and they had the same spoken language. Here the likenesses stop and the differences begin.

The Croats occupy the major portion of Yugoslavia. They claim for their own the provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia proper, Lika, Slovenia and major portions of Bosnia and Herzegovina. They are 90% Roman Catholic, and have followed the dictates of the Holy See since about the first half of the 7th century, when they first arrived in what is now Yugoslavia. The Croats early escaped the influence of the East and the Byzantines. Their culture, like their religion, is westernized. They use the Latin script. Their

mental outlook is that of central Europe; and their extensive art and literature, while structurally patterned after the western forms, reveal an eastern influence. They have tasted independent sovereignty for only about 300 years in their 1200 years of existence.

The glory of the Croats is reflected in their incessant and finally successful warfare against Islamism. For their part in this civilization-saving conflict the Holy See bestowed upon them the precious title of *antemurale Christianitatis*, bulwark of Christianity.

The Serbs, a simple, fiercely independent people, have their roots in Byzantine culture and letters and the Greek Orthodox religion. Western culture touched them very late, in the last quarter of the 19th century. Politically, they are largely a people of the East, prone to all the intrigue characteristic of the Balkans.

The Serbs and Croats separated in the early part of the Middle Ages, and the differences between them have since become more and more pronounced, through the influence of alien powers with special interests in Croat and Serb territories. Differences were further widened by the natural opposition of religion and culture.

From the moment Yugoslavia was created until it was dissolved in its

original form under Tito, the Serbs dominated the political and economic scene. Although constituting approximately 50% of the population, the Croats were relegated to minor positions. They could not become high-ranking military officers in spite of the fact that Croats were subject to compulsory military training. The political offices of the nation went to Serbs or pro-Serb Croats. A heavy burden of taxes was placed on both Serbs and Croats, but the Croats' taxes went largely toward improvements in Serbia and Belgrade, and maintenance of the military, monarchical dictatorship of the Karađorđevich dynasty. The yoke became so galling that even the Serbs began to murmur. In opposition to such tactics, the Croats began to organize an opposition under the leadership of Stjepan Radich, president of the Peasant party. His efforts culminated in his assassination. Radich's work was taken up by many men and finally consolidated in the hands of Macek. Macek was unsuited for this kind of leadership, both because of his personality and lack of determination. He tried to resolve some of the differences through compromises, such as dividing Yugoslavia into a number of *banovinas* (provinces), with a governor for each. This was a nominal concession to the Croats, for it, supposedly, represented an attempt to grant them some autonomy. However, the autonomy was not forthcoming. King Alexander rescinded this concession, established a military dictatorship, and ruled as one of the most

despotic kings in Southeastern Europe. This further irritated the Croats and some resorted to desperate measures. Under the leadership of Ante Pavelic, the rebel Croat group, the Ustashi, planned and executed the assassination of King Alexander in Marseilles. Regent Prince Paul, brother of Alexander, was selected to rule until Alexander's son, Peter, would come of age.

The assassination of Alexander aroused the Serbs to further political and economic reprisals against the Croats. The result was the growth of the Ustashi and the other Croat opposition group, Domobran. The Croat Peasant party remained almost impotent, and the sympathies of many of the members shifted either to the Ustashi or to Domobran. The Ustashi actually were a terroristic group sponsored by Mussolini. This was not widely known to the Croats in Yugoslavia; neither did the Croats know that Ante Pavelic had made a deal with Italy to place Dalmatia under Italian rule when Pavelic attained power in Yugoslavia.

On the eve of the 2nd World War, the unorganized Croat leaders were engaged in sectional disputes. The Serb government pressed harder upon both Croat and Serb.

Therefore, it can easily be understood why the Croats were not willing to participate in the struggle with the Germans. They acted, on what to them appeared a justifiable assumption, that any government would be better than the Serbian. Many welcomed the Germans with open arms, for they believed

that Germany was bringing them freedom. The Germans established the so-called Independent State of Croatia under Ante Pavelic, and Dalmatia was placed under the guidance of Italy. The Serbs, meanwhile, having surrendered to Germany, refused to abide by the surrender terms, which they believed were made without the consent of the people. They consequently banded themselves into the Chetnik groups under Draja Mihailovich and began to harass the Germans and Italians. The English and American aid promised to the Chetniks was not forthcoming and they were compelled to curtail their guerrilla warfare. The Croats, meanwhile, realized their error in associating themselves with Germany and Pavelic, and began to form their own partisan groups. Some joined the Chetniks.

In a manner still unexplainable, an obscure figure began to rise among the Croats, the blacksmith's son, Josip Brozovich, commonly referred to by the un-Croat name of Tito. One can readily surmise that he came from the murky halls of the Kremlin. Unlike any other Croat leader since the creation of Yugoslavia he, at first, appeared to be strong, resourceful, and unselfish. His supplies seemed inexhaustible; he fed the people and armed his men. He spoke of democracy, independence, and a republic, words warming to the hearts of the Croats. They believed him, and their belief was strengthened by the eventual endorsement of his actions by England and the U. S.

The people did not realize the real motive of Tito. They knew nothing of communism, and by nature were opposed to it because under their economic system the peasant owned the land. The clenched fist to them was only a symbol of strength, not a communist sign. Red was already a part of the red, white and blue Croat flag.

Tito was strong. England and the U. S. favored him. He must be the right man for us, the Croats said. Blinded by patriotism and faith in the only two countries in the world they trusted, they followed him like sheep.

Tito became stronger, and eventually gained through the OZNA, the secret police, complete domination. The people could not move. When they realized their error, they looked to England and America for help. Instead of help they received an emphatic endorsement of Tito.

Tito systematically eliminated opposition. He nationalized all industries and natural resources, doled out food on the basis of allegiance to himself, established the dreaded people's courts that are typical of communist procedure, and with the trial of Archbishop Stepinac, projected the liquidation of the Catholic Church. Being a Croat, Tito realized that his greatest opposition would come from the Catholic clergy, always the main rallying point of Croat nationalism.

It should be obvious by now that Yugoslavia is in the iron grasp of the Kremlin, and that its problems are not the simple ones presented by our State Department.

What do the Croats really want? They, who have shed their blood for 1,000 years across the mountains and plains of Europe, want peace. They want an independent republic of Croatia. They want to govern themselves and work out their own destiny in their own way.

What the Croats demand is supposedly guaranteed under the Atlantic Charter. The interests of the Serb people are the same. There is no reason

why a federation of Croats and Serbs would not be successful. The Croats would be willing to establish a military alliance with the Serbs, and possibly an economic alliance. The internal affairs, political and religious, of both peoples, could be conducted without interference from either group. Unless the Yugoslav question is settled soon by the United Nations the first shot of a 3rd World War may very possibly be fired in Yugoslavia.

Bells at Noon

The sound of trumpets came from the spire of the parish church of the village of Waimes, near Malmédy in Belgium. Everybody knew the tune, the old hymn *Laudate Mariam*. And everyone knew, too, why the hymn was being played.

Two years ago the tide of battle was sweeping across that southeastern corner of Belgium, just a few miles from the German border. The Germans were retreating, the Americans at their heels. A German rear guard stubbornly defended Waimes, an important crossroad. Infantry attacks had failed, and the American commander was on the point of ordering the bombardment of Waimes to reduce German resistance. This would have meant complete destruction of the village.

Just at this moment, the American officer at his post heard the *Angelus* from the spire of the village. A Catholic, he recited the *Angelus*, and it became suddenly clear to him that the Germans must have left or they would not have allowed the bell to be rung. The order for the bombardment was withheld, and the Americans occupied the village without meeting any resistance.

It was the sexton of Waimes, Joseph Piete, who rang the *Angelus* at the appointed time, although there were still a few German troops in the village. And it was in honor of the sexton, whose intrepid action had saved his church and his village from destruction, that the *Laudate Mariam* was played on the anniversary of the day when the *Angelus* saved Waimes.

Tragedy on Lake Michigan

The Tale of a Ship and a City

By EDWARD A. HARRIGAN

Condensed from the *Capuchin Annual**



THE centenary of the sinking of the excursion steamer *Lady Elgin* in Lake Michigan will occur less than a score of years hence; yet in one of America's largest cities the memory of that catastrophe is but little less vivid than it was during the weeks immediately following the black night 87 years ago which plunged that city into mourning.

As far away as London, England, stands (or, before the bombing, did stand) a monument to the memory of two of the drowned passengers; memorial services are conducted at Northwestern university in Evanston, Ill., where a bronze plaque commemorates the heroism of one of the rescuers; but St. John's cathedral in Milwaukee is a perpetual monument of grace to the 300 or more who lost their lives that fateful morning of Sept. 8, 1860. Every year, on or near the anniversary of the sinking, a Mass is offered at St. John's for the souls of those who perished with the *Lady Elgin*, and the holy Sacrifice will continue to be offered as long as there is a St. John's or priest to offer it. Up to the turn of the century, the *Lady Elgin* Survivors' club observed the anniversary; this group arranged for the Masses in perpetuity. Up to 20 years ago, when the last one

died, survivors were interviewed regularly, and the Milwaukee newspapers continue to make annual mention of the disaster.

The *Lady Elgin* was built in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1851, and was named after the wife of Lord Elgin, then governor-general of Canada. A side-wheeler of 1,000 tons displacement, about 300 feet long, speedy and trim, with two saucy smokestacks, the *Lady Elgin* was known in 1860 as queen of the Great Lakes. She plied the lakes in Canadian traffic for her first five years, and carried the mails along the northern shores. Eventually she was placed in general service between her home port and Bayfield, Wis., with calls at intermediate points. Captain Jack Wilson, highly regarded as a skipper, commanded her.

The *Lady Elgin* was rammed by the lumber-laden schooner *Augusta* shortly after midnight of her fateful day and sank within a few minutes. Although it has become quite generally accepted that about 300 out of some 400 passengers lost their lives, an actual compilation of names shows 158 saved and no fewer than 360 lost.

The *Lady Elgin* sinking was unique, not only in its circumstances and heavy loss of life, but for two other reasons,

namely, the excursion was undertaken in consequence of nation-shaking events which preceded it, and the wreck brought about results, civic and religious, which will prevail to the end of time—and beyond. The story is one of bitter grief and high heroism.

Noteworthy among the civic consequences was the fact that the sinking determined in large measure the future racial make-up of Milwaukee. Most of the persons lost on the *Lady Elgin* were Irish and young. The Irish in that city of 45,000 were in the ascendancy in 1860; the accident placed them numerically in the background, probably forever. Even today, nearly 100 years later, though the Irish are by no means negligible in Milwaukee, they are easily outnumbered by citizens of German and Polish descent. Moreover, Milwaukee had, only a few years prior to the *Lady Elgin* sinking, been decimated by cholera and smallpox. There are many who hold that the scourge and the blow dealt to population by the *Lady Elgin* deaths were the two factors which pushed the city back 20 years in her development, forcing her to yield to her sister city of Chicago the primacy as a great shipping port and railroad center.

There existed in Milwaukee a company of state militia known as Captain Garret Barry's Union Guards. This unit, the pride of Milwaukee, owned all its equipment except its guns, which were the property of the federal government. This Irish unit, together with the Black Yagers and the Green Yagers, formed of refugee Germans who

had served in the 1848 rebellion against the Prussian government, gave Milwaukee a military organization of which the citizens were justly proud. Indeed, until he was enrolled under Captain Barry, no young Milwaukee Irishman attained much standing in either politics or love.

In the Wisconsin of that time, the very eve of the war between the states, feelings ran high over the slavery question. The radical abolitionists, who included among their number the governor and some members of the legislature, were numerous.

Captain Barry firmly maintained, and heatedly asserted, his loyalty to the U. S. government; but conniving state politicians succeeded in having his company deprived of its arms, and had his group cut out of the state militia, sparing no effort to disband it. Ultimately, new arms were purchased, and the Union Guards were once more equipped, as an independent unit. It was to finance this purchase of arms that the *Lady Elgin* trip to Chicago was arranged by Milwaukeeans.

No less beautiful is Milwaukee's bay than the Bay of Naples, according to travelers who have beheld both; out of it, with whistles blowing and banners streaming, proudly steamed the *Lady Elgin* late on the evening of Sept. 6, 1860, with a crowd of merrymakers singing and dancing. Nevertheless, amidst the festivities aboard, the cheering on the deck, and the majesty of the setting, there were some who had premonitions of disaster to come.

The Barry Guards, resplendent in

full uniform, were prominent among the excursionists, who included also the Light Drum Corps, the City Band, many of the Black and Green Yagers with their band and orchestra, individual old-time flutists and fiddlers, city officials, and delegates from several fire companies.

The happy throng reached Chicago about daylight. The day was spent in sightseeing and parading, and concluded with a banquet in the evening. At about 11:30 Friday evening, the party, with additional passengers taken on at Chicago re-embarked for Milwaukee. Fog and wind made Captain Wilson reluctant to put out, but the excursionists were anxious to get back, so the captain allowed their importunities to overcome his forebodings.

As the vessel proceeded, she encountered a strong wind from the northeast, which turned into a heavy gale, accompanied by sheets of rain. There were not staterooms enough on the *Lady Elgin* to accommodate more than a few of its passengers. Those who remained up dozed, talked, told stories, and danced while the ship ploughed through towering waves. Suddenly, about 2 o'clock, the steamer felt a "terrible blow about amidships," in the words of a survivor, "trembled along her whole length, then fell over on one side. Panic was instant. When the steamer righted herself, all was in darkness, the lamps having been shattered. Those who rushed upon deck could just discern a large schooner nearly out of sight in the darkness and fog."

In spite of the testimony of survivors, the exact circumstances of the collision, even its location, are obscured. The hull of the ship, with its stern anchored by its engine and its bow above water, was discovered three miles off Winnetka, Ill., on Sept. 17, 1860.

It was at Winnetka, where the wreckage came to shore, that the rescue work took place, although bodies were washed up during the ensuing weeks all the way from Chicago to Sheboygan, 50 miles above Milwaukee, and even on the Michigan shore.

The *Lady Elgin* had only three life-boats, and those saved but few, if any, of her passengers. There were "heart-rending shrieks," then a "deathlike silence" as the steamer sank, stern first. But Captain Wilson had ordered the sailors to chop off the deck, that it might be floated to shore. This had scarcely been done when the hull went down, carrying with it many passengers. The suction almost took the detached deck with it.

Thunder roared and rolled in this tenebrae of the waters. The lake was strewn with wreckage, floating bodies, dead and dying, which could be seen in flashes of lightning. "The sounds of prayers and curses were heard on all sides," observed J. W. Eviston, a survivor.

But the terror-born curses probably didn't continue long, and the rest of the narration is a tale of heroic sacrifice of life that others might live. A mother's voice was heard out of the darkness, showering terms of endearment on her baby. Then the voice of

the child was heard calling for her mother. The voices grew fainter and fainter, then died away. Other voices were heard, too, philosophizing with neighbors, and beseeching God for aid and mercy. Some 50 men and women clung to the deck of the *Lady Elgin*, with Captain Wilson directing them to lifesavers, stateroom doors, tables, wreckage, even to cattle which had been taken on in Milwaukee for ballast.

The northeast wind drove the wreckage and the victims clinging to it toward shore. Waves smashed the floating deck into ever smaller and smaller parts. Each breakup washed men and women and children to their deaths. Daylight finally came, revealing the desolation to survivors in the water and to a helpless crowd straining eyes from shore. Time and time again, one of the men leaped from his piece of wreckage, rescuing wife or sweetheart, daughter or friend. Men took off coats and gave them to fellow sufferers. Mothers going down for the last time besought friends to care for their children.

Large numbers of the victims were washed to within a few yards of shore, only to be snatched up by heavy breakers and returned to the maw of the lake in spite of heroic efforts at rescue, notably by Edward W. Spencer of Northwestern university, who alone brought in 17 persons. At Winnetka, the shore is an uneven bluff, 30 to 60 feet high, with a narrow strip of sand beach between it and the water's edge. This condition, combined with the storm, hindered rescue work.

Among those lost were Sir Herbert Ingraham, member of the British Parliament and founder and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, and his son Herbert. Sir Herbert's remains were recovered and sent to England. Charles Beverung of Milwaukee, a musician, attached his drum to his shoulders and floated to shore.

Captain Barry divided honors with Captain Wilson in his efforts to save lives. At last, benumbed and exhausted, he was dashed to death in the breakers a few hundred feet from shore. A number of women, with their babies, clung to the floatsam which bore Captain Wilson. He struggled bravely to keep all on the raft; unable to save one of the mothers, he snatched her baby from her arms just as she slipped into the water. All the time he was in sight, he could be seen holding a baby in one arm, while with the other he lent aid to weakened women. Finally, he himself was struck down by a piece of wreckage, was disabled and drowned. The bodies of both captains were recovered.

An official representative of the Church was among those on the storm-beaten Winnetka strand, ministering to the survivors, and we may be certain that he pronounced general absolution. The earlier records make no mention of him, but Charles M. Scanlon of Milwaukee, who visited Winnetka frequently to interview old inhabitants of the vicinity, says that a Catholic priest, whose name was unknown, was among the many who received high praise for activities among the victims.

Indeed, "it was a woeful time for Milwaukee," in the words of Frank Boyd, who became the first secretary of the Survivors' club when it was organized in 1889; and the sister city of Chicago shared Milwaukee's grief, as did communities on two continents. "An eyewitness informs us that the scene at Milwaukee on Saturday morning, when the news of the catastrophe was first received, can never be effaced from his memory," said the *Chicago Press and Tribune* of that time. "The stores in the principal streets were immediately deserted, many of them being left open and unattended, and all rushed to the telegraph office to learn the extent of the loss. In walking along the streets it seemed as if every second person met was either crying or so dumbstricken that he could not express himself, nor recognize his friends and acquaintances." Crowds, eager, excited, and with blanched faces, filled the square all day long; there was hardly a victim who did not have some relative, at least a friend, in the throng.

The citizens pressed forward, fearing, yet hoping, that they might find the body of a kinsman, of a brother or sister, son or daughter, father or mother. Strong men wept. One of the victims was identified by a pair of baby shoes in his pocket, which he was known to have purchased in Chicago. These shoes were symbolic of about 300 orphans made when the *Lady Elgin* went down.

On the Tuesday following the sinking, a military and civic funeral pro-

cession was held. Forming at the City Hall downtown, it moved the mile eastward to St. John's cathedral on the bluff which overlooks the lake. There a solemn requiem high Mass was offered for the repose of the souls of the victims; 8,000 persons could not gain admittance.

The whole city was draped in black. Multiple funerals were numerous for weeks at St. John's. "Nineteen victims were buried in one day from the cathedral," said Frank Boyd, "and there were many funerals. In fact, I did not do anything for two months but act as pallbearer for victims of the disaster."

Accounts of the tragedy were printed in papers from coast to coast and across the Atlantic. The *New York Illustrated News*, in its Sept. 22, 1860, issue, reproduced an artist's conception of the actual sinking, and poems, some maudlin, a few excellent, but all expressive of the anguish of survivors of loved ones and of confidence in reunion in the life to come, appeared in papers all over the country. Perhaps the best known was the dirge, *Lost on the Lady Elgin*, by Henry C. Work, the first stanza and chorus of which follow:

*Up from the poor man's cottage,
Forth from the mansion's door,
Reaching across the waters,
Echoing 'long the shore;
Caught in the morning breezes,
Borne on the evening gale,
Cometh a voice of mourning—
A sad and solemn wail.*

CHORUS
Lost on the Lady Elgin,

*Sleeping to wake no more;
Numbered with that three hundred
Who failed to reach the shore.*

This song was sung at the annual meeting of the Survivors' club until its last meeting in 1891, and on many other occasions. It is included in Louise Pound's anthology of representative *American Ballads and Songs* (1922).

After the catastrophe, Lake Michigan, majestic and mighty, raised her breast to the skies, reflecting the rays of the sun and the glint of the moon in times of calm; bristling, choppy, high and whitecapped, on days of storm. But be it ever so beautiful, it was never again so in the minds of a multitude of Milwaukeeans. Charles Beverung, the drummer boy, was so deeply affected by his experience that to the end of his long life he avoided the sight of Lake Michigan. The Milwaukee *Journal* printed the last interview with the last survivor. "Sitting in his low armchair, Adalbert Doeber, 89, shook his head as his bent shoulders quivered with the memory of Milwaukee's black night. 'I'm the only one left now,' he spoke in quavering voice. 'Last year there was Charles Beverung, who played in the band with me, but he, too, is gone.' " That was on Sept. 8, 1921. The aged Mr.

Doeber missed the annual Mass. Two months later, on Nov. 10, he too was gone.

Now the story is told, of a disaster which brought sorrow that spanned an ocean and altered the course of a city. But it is a story, too, of the tender solicitude of the Church for her children, and of her children for each other. Collections for the relief of victims' dependents were taken up for years, and were contributed to generously. On the first anniversary of the *Lady Elgin*'s sinking, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* said: "Never, perhaps, did such a calamity fall upon one city, as did that of the *Lady Elgin* disaster upon Milwaukee. The victims of the wreck were mostly poor, mostly poor of the Third Ward, mostly Irish. Whole blocks of houses were rendered nearly tenantless, and perhaps never was more real Christian charity exhibited than was there and then. Never was there a nobler sight than that of the Sisters of Charity, like ministering angels, dispensing their God-directed assistance." And year after year a priest stands at the altar in St. John's, and prays, "To these, O Lord, and to all who sleep in Christ, we beseech Thee to grant, of Thy goodness, a state of comfort, light and peace."

Priceless

In China an American woman journalist watched a frail Sister cleansing the gangrenous sores of wounded soldiers. "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars!" the visitor remarked. Without pause in her work, the Sister replied, "Neither would I."

Maryknoll, The Field Afar (Jan. '47).

Still there



The St. Bernard Hospice

By JAMES McCARTHY

Condensed from the *Irish Catholic**

A VELVETY coating of sparkling snow, spread mantle-like over the housetops and across the countryside, is one reason why I would like to go every winter to the Hospice of St. Bernard high up in the Mount Blanc ranges, on the snowy summit of the ridge that separates the lovely Aosta valley from the Swiss canton of Valais.

Up here you have great shining wastes of snow, high mountaintops eternally crested with it, ravines where it lies in deep unsullied drifts, long spreading slopes enshrouded in snow blankets. All is virgin white.

The hospice stands at the summit of the St. Bernard pass. Up that pass have traveled many people. Hannibal came this way with his elephants, and Julius Caesar, Charlemagne also, and the great Napoleon with his hungry army, and besides them thousands and thousands of travelers and pilgrims who braved the perils of the Alps to reach the Eternal City.

As you stand on the porch, your eyes are dazzled by the immaculate scene. As the great bell of the monastery begins to toll, in resonant reverberating eddies the sound spreads, filling the valley and rolling up the mountain sides, its mighty music joy-

fully challenging the solemn reign of silence. In response, the cliffs and the sky echo and re-echo, as if nature, suddenly reawakened, is shouting and laughing in joyous symphony. Here is fulfilled that beautiful ideal of the Christian legends of Germany, God calling out to nature and nature responding. Joseph Campbell's words flow into our minds,

*God is at the organ and I hear
A mighty music echoing far and near.*

At length the bell ceases. The circling echoes, growing fainter among distant peaks and glaciers, gradually die away. But another sound, almost as melodious, rises to disturb the sleep of silence; it is the deep baying of the great St. Bernard dogs. Round the corner they come in the keeping of a brown-robed monk. Snuffling, pawing, baying, they show their enjoyment of their morning exercise.

A story about these dogs tells that one Christmas eve, hundreds of years ago, a great number of pilgrims, among them some wealthy merchants, were staying in the hospice. A band of robbers from the neighboring woods planned to surprise the party in the midst of the merry-making.

That night, a troop of heavily muf-

fled men silently and stealthily approached the door. Brother Michael, the porter, hearing a knock, hastened to open the door.

He raised the heavy wooden hasp and swung open the great door, to find himself staring straight at two gleaming daggers.

"Not a sound," said a voice. "Lead us to the guest room. Be quick about it. This dagger is sharp."

At a loss, Brother Michael turned about. But his monastic calm did not desert him.

Down the dark corridor, lit only by a flaring torch, went the troop. Finally they paused. The monk lifted a wooden hasp and with a quick jerk flung open a great door. At the same time he rushed swiftly from the robbers into the room and began to call out. With oaths the robbers rushed after him, but in a moment, with cries of fear, they turned to flee, for the monk had led them into a room where the dogs were kept, and with terrible growls of anger the great brutes now hurled themselves upon the robbers.

The St. Bernard dogs are a cross between the bulldog and the Pyrenean sheep dog. One of the most famous was Barry, credited with rescuing more than 30 persons. He died in 1814. For 1,000 years now the monks have gone on breeding, developing, and training the dogs to save lives.

The first hospice was founded in 962 by St. Bernard of Menthon. Bernard was of noble family, from

Mention castle of Annecy, near Savoy. He was thoroughly educated, and his father arranged a marriage for him with a noble lady from a near-by estate. But Bernard had set his mind on the Church and gave up all his worldly chances. In 966 he was made archdeacon of Aosta. Astounded at finding idolatry among his Alpine subjects, Bernard determined to evangelize them. For 40 years he labored; then built his hospice at the summit of the great pass, 8,000 feet above sea level. Since then many a traveler, lost in blinding snow and in danger of being buried alive, has been rescued by the monks and their dogs.

The monastery is one of the most romantic and beautiful houses in Europe. But the present hospice is much different from that of 1,000 years ago. It has now nearly 100 rooms, central heating, electricity, a gasoline filling station and, of course, telephone and radio. The visitors also have changed. No longer does a weary, footsore traveler arrive. Instead, a smart sedan will pull up at the hospice door, and out will step smartly dressed Americans or other tourists.

The community numbers about 20. Despite all the modern conveniences, the monks' life is still very severe; only the strongest constitution can endure the rigors of that mountain life. The monks are expert skiers, and at times are still called out on rescue work to assist tourists and Alpine climbers in difficulties.

The greatest cross is not to have crosses.—St. John Vianney.

A house divided

CONFLICT in India

By MICHAEL D. LYONS

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

To understand the present political crisis in India, one must go back in history beyond the recent riots and the war. Calcutta is a center which furnishes an example of what has led to trouble.

The Hindu province of Bengal with its great city of Calcutta readily accepted the education offered by the British in the 19th century. But the Mohammedans, who had ruled over much of that part of India before the advent of the East India Co., were sullen. They spurned the Christian's learning, while the Hindus wisely regarded the study of the culture of the conquerors as an opportunity for advancement they could not afford to neglect.

A little learning can sometimes be dangerous. Bengal Hindus made rapid progress even in acquiring the dangerous political notions of great British orators. They made progress at a rate unsurpassed in other parts of India, and they were beginning to influence fellow countrymen in all corners of the land.

In 1905 took place the partition of Bengal, an event no Indian forgets. This gerrymandering gave rise to the world-famed Bengal Terrorist movements, and it gave a powerful impetus also to the idea of a struggle for absolute independence for India in place

of the previous ideal of dominion status inside the empire, a radical notion, in the good old days of Queen Victoria.

The rearrangement of provincial boundaries by the British gave predominantly Hindu areas in the East and West of the old province to other provinces. The new province of Bengal was approximately half Hindu and half Mohammedan and could control any provincial committee or council with only a few representatives.

The Mohammedans were not slow to see their opportunity to rule over former scenes of power, and they generally cooperated with the 20th-century conqueror. The Hindus were properly squelched whenever necessary.

During the recent war, when the Japanese were at the Bengal border, the discontented Hindus were kept in order by Mohammedan Premier Fuzul Haq and his associates, who ran the government for Governor Herbert. Trains moved regularly, supplies were carried to the front. It was a good arrangement from the standpoint of general and military order.

It was, at least until 1942, when trouble arose about food supplies. Burma, which had supplied 5% of the rice of India, fell into Japanese hands, and a tornado caused some damage to Bengal crops. Railway trains, normally

used to carry away cash crops like jute and to bring in return food grains from other areas, were taken over by the British and American armies. Some food was shipped from India to troops in the Middle East while Mussolini ruled over his *Mare Nostrum*. There was some shortage in Bengal.

Millions in Bengal could stand no shortage at all. People sitting on a bench can move over, all except the person on the end. Millions in Bengal were subsisting on the very verge of starvation even in peace times. Then panic came. Panic can cause a famine in a country with plenty of food. It caused severe famine in Bengal.

A handful in every community made fortunes while millions starved. The Indians in power, in the ultimate analysis because of the partition, were not trusted by the Hindu masses, and received scant cooperation. Black-market operations and hoarding quickly reached unheard-of heights.

Millions starved, but troop trains kept moving. Mohammedan officials who were making dishonest fortunes could not be replaced without endangering military operations and the smooth working of the machinery of law and order, which was so necessary in a base of military operations.

Thousands of American soldiers were stationed in and about Calcutta, defending Indian masses who were not very interested in any defense. "Let the Japanese in if you wish. What does it matter to us? If we cannot get independence, let us at least have a change of masters." So said many. When they

were told that the Japanese were cruel, that the Japanese would kill them, the Hindus generally replied, "So much the better, we will be put out of our misery. Anything is better than our present living death."

American soldiers who came to see movies and to dance to the excellent music of Firpos and the Great Eastern and other restaurants and hotels, were shocked by scenes they will never forget and few wish to recall. Women carrying infants with arms as thick as a man's thumb cried piteously for the equivalent of a nickel. Men were less in evidence, perhaps because men have less stamina in such circumstances, perhaps because they were trying to find food for themselves elsewhere. Old men and women were lying about in the streets, living skeletons. Dogs fought with human beings for refuse of Europeans' kitchens, and with vultures for the bodies of the dead. American soldiers seeing the mobs about garbage cans ate less of the food in the mess halls. Superior officers then issued orders that garbage should not be given to starving persons, but incinerated. It was explained that the soldiers needed all the strength they could get for days of battle.

Meanwhile, exponents of the views of the Moslem league were introduced to the men in the Red Cross educational centers, and pin-up girls were publicized in the theater newspaper. Efforts were made to drive the dying from parts of Calcutta used by troops for recreation and entertainment. It was bad for their morale to see what

was going on in the name of defense.

Estimates of the number who died of outright starvation vary from 1½ to 5 million, the latter figure being that of statisticians of Calcutta university. In some areas the price of a bag of rice went from 5 rupees to over 100 rupees. Nevertheless, a year or two after the famine tons of rice were still being taken, much of it spoiling, out of hoarding. A famine inquiry commission later gave it as their considered opinion that the famine had been largely man made.

Early in 1946 the governments of many provinces in India were entrusted to ministeries appointed by the majority political groups. The Congress party, made up of persons of all communities, but mainly of the dominant Hindu element, soon controlled seven or eight of the 11 provinces. The Mohammedans, however, retained power in Calcutta and Bengal.

Throughout the land there was anticipation of trouble. The Mohammedans did not like the new trend. Rule of India had been taken from them originally by the Christian power. They did not want to see the government of the land they had once controlled handed over by the receding Christians to the Hindus they had once ruled.

The British were tired of maintaining law and order, and they could not in the face of public opinion at home continue such wartime measures of repression as the imposition of fines on entire villages. They begged the Indian leaders to take over the running

of their own country, allowing the British only one concession, favored treatment in trade. The Congress party was willing to make the inevitable compromises, and accept the task of governing the largest undivided nation in the modern world. They insisted, however, that representation in the new government should be on a strictly democratic, proportional basis.

The majority of the Mohammedans, however, belonging to the Moslem league, headed by the famous intransigent gentleman in his 70's, Mr. Jinnah, would not agree to representation on the basis of electoral strength. Although Mohammedan groups represented by the Moslem league form, like Catholics in the U. S., but a fifth of the population, they demanded parity in the viceroy's reformed executive council, or quasi-cabinet, designed to conduct the affairs of the new central government.

The Congress party rejected this demand. When the viceroy was unable to get the leaders of the two parties to agree, he asked the majority party, the Congress party, to form a government at New Delhi with other Indians who would work with them. The Congress party consented, and they were joined by a minority among the Mohammedans, and by Christians, Sikhs, Parsis, and others. The Moslem league remained aloof, and ugly mutterings were heard.

Shortly after the formation of the new government Mr. Jinnah announced a day of mourning to express the sorrow of the Moslem leaguers over

the accession of the Congress party to power. Foundations were laid for trouble. Calcutta municipal employees belonging to the Mohammedan religion were given a holiday to observe this day of mourning. Rumors spread that the police service for the most part would close an eye to what happened. Riots immediately broke out.

Conservative estimates place the dead at 4,000. While corpses rotted in Calcutta streets, the British daily, the *Calcutta Statesman*, charged local authorities with responsibility. Shortly after this event, Mohammedans in parts of Eastern Bengal, where they form the majority, attacked Hindus, and revived the ancient sport of converting at the point of the sword.

The Moslem league has for several years been asking for what they call Pakistan, literally "holy land"; that is, parts of India to be cut off from the rest and made into new countries of Mohammedan rule. The Mohammedan minorities remaining in Hindu parts of India would be hostages for the proper treatment of Hindu minorities living in Pakistan, they explained. Perhaps this proposal, an ancient tribal idea indeed, gave the Hindus a suggestion of what they could do about riots in Bengal.

In a few weeks Mohammedans were being butchered in the near-by province of Bihar and in other parts of India where Hindus are in the majority. Meanwhile, the Moslem leaguers changed their minds and decided that they, too, would join the government in Delhi. They accepted five seats out

of a total of 14 in the viceroy's executive council.

To quell the riots and study the situation on the spot, Gandhi, with a member of the Moslem league, hastened to Bengal. Nehru, vice president of the executive council, went with another Moslem leaguer to Bihar. Gandhi announced that he would begin a fast unto death if the Bihar riots (really retaliatory massacres of Mohammedans) did not cease. As usual, his threat created a profound impression, and quiet returned in Bihar.

The basis for friction between the two communities is the difference in modes of life. Hindus are abstemious, even puritanical. They have a long list of taboos. Hindu women of upper and middle castes are noted for devotion to their husbands, and when men die their widows never remarry. Even Hindu widows in their teens must remain unmarried for the rest of their lives, or they will be outcasted by their families and Hindu society. The Hindus are proud of their ancient culture and make every effort to preserve it in the modern world.

Mohammedans, who came to India with ideas familiar to us from the Old Testament, have remained a people apart. They speak with many words of Arabic or Persian origin as a matter of pride and tradition. They generally write not with the traditional scripts of India, but with an adaptation of Arabic and Persian. Mohammedans will not eat pork, but they relish beef, which is as disgusting to the Hindus as dog meat would be to American col-

lege alumnae at a reunion banquet. Far from objecting to remarriage of widows, Mohammedans cause no little trouble by trying to convert the prettier Hindu widows by methods which are generally far from religious arguments. The Hindus are agitating for recovery of Hindu women kidnaped by Mohammedans during the recent riots of Eastern Bengal.

Mohammedans apparently try to emphasize all their differences. While Christian Indians as a rule can hardly be distinguished from their fellow countrymen by their dress, Mohammedan Indians usually dress in a strikingly different manner. They seem to fear that if they do not keep aloof by manifold external differences they will find that "Islam is in danger," words often heard coming from the lips of their leaders.

Mohammedan fears are not altogether baseless. What may happen to a minority under Hindu rule is perhaps exemplified in the semi-independent state of Travancore. The Christians, who number nearly 2 million of the approximately 10 million population of the state, have been subjected to a severe persecution by the autocratic Dewan or Prime Minister, the Hindu Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.* This persecution is attracting attention in

*Sir C. P. Ramaswami was to resign in January, so that he could "exercise complete freedom of expression in discussions on the future of the Indian constitution." The Travancore government has announced, says the London *Universe*, that departure of the Dewan will not be followed by any changes in the educational and other policies of the government.

religious groups of diverse faiths in America and Europe. Christian education especially is under attack. In vain have Congress leaders pointed out that the Congress head, Nehru, is bitter in denunciation of the feudalism of "Sir C.P." Christians to no little extent and Mohammedans almost unanimously fear Hindu ascendancy in governmental authority and influence.

Left to themselves, the various communities will probably work out many practical ways of getting along. Britain as a peacemaker is probably as useful as a mother-in-law in a quarrel of newlyweds. There are few communal clashes in the semi-independent states of India ruled by rajas and other Indian princes. Injustices do exist, everywhere. But bloody strife such as the recent riots of British India provinces is practically unknown in the parts governed by Indians in their own ways. Left to themselves, the Congress majority party would probably settle the Moslem-league "revolt" in a few weeks, with some disturbances, perhaps. But no great government was ever formed or great nation born with absolutely no bloodshed nor abortive civil war.

Will outsiders stir up more trouble? The British today want law and order and a peaceful India for purposes of commerce as well as for altruistic reasons. No one knows, however, what will be done by Pan-Islamites and by Russia, which ever since the early days of Queen Victoria has been a source of worry and speculation to the rulers of India.

The present sporadic and occasional communal riots in India hardly affect business and industry there, but occasionally disturbances between capital and labor do. These latter will probably increase and may cause far more serious dislocation of the economy. Such disturbances may be more important in the future than the present "community" riots.

Indian problems are actually not peculiar to India at all. If they are solved in India, the world will stand to benefit in the solution of minority

problems over many parts of the world. Also, if solutions are found for such problems in Europe and in the U.S., India will benefit.

India is not a land of only two communities. It has many elements of greatly different outlooks. The very diversity of Indian life, however, may eventually make it easier for a moderately strong government to carry on without fear of civil war. Lovers of democracy will be inclined to sit back and give the Indians time to put their house in order.



Symbolism

One of the most symbolic sights of New York City can be seen in front of Radio City's International building. There kneels a huge statue of Atlas, bearing on his shoulders the incalculable weight of the world, the perfect example of the man of today, who must carry the burdens of the countless problems of modern life.

The enormity of his load has forced Atlas to seek aid. Directly across 5th Ave. stands St. Patrick's cathedral, and it is before the tabernacle that Atlas kneels.

Thomas Jones in the *Fordham Monthly* (Dec. '46).



Realism

Once as James Whitcomb Riley came down the steps of his Indianapolis home, he found himself confronted by a hunchbacked little boy with a tear-stained face.

"Mr. Riley," said the lad, his voice quivering, "you've seen many crooked soldiers, haven't you?"

The poet, looking beyond the little cripple, saw an army of youngsters with wooden guns and swords, waiting for his verdict. "Of course I have," he replied. And then in a voice which he intended to carry conviction, "Not very many, though. You see, crooked soldiers are the bravest, the best, and the hardest to get."

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (30 Nov. '46).

Holy hurricane

"Father Lynch, Brooklyn"

By GLENN D. KITTLER

Condensed from the *Precious Blood Messenger**



HEROES of the recent war will be inspirations for future novels. Already, whenever warriors gather, they speak of bravery with deserving respect.

But I know one man who inspired more than respect for himself. He inspired love, for himself and everything he represented. Army regulations insisted he was an officer, gentleman, and chaplain. To those of us who knew him, he was priest and friend.

Father Lawrence E. Lynch was as Brooklyn as a pop bottle thrown at an umpire. Whenever he met anyone he introduced himself as "Father Lynch, Brooklyn."

The label stuck to him and he was called Brooklyn more often than Father. His tremendous success among his men resulted from his talent for arousing affection in all of us, and laboring to keep it alive.

I met Father Larry during Christmas week of 1943, on the day he arrived in New Caledonia. I was assistant to the priest who preceded him in the service command and went to work for Father Larry on New Year's eve.

After a week with him, I knew I was faced with the problem of accepting my cross or discarding it. He baffled me completely. Never had I encountered such a holy hurricane.

Keeping up with him was like pacing a B-29.

He was determined to meet everyone on the island the first day he was there and almost did it. Starting out at 7 A.M., we drove to each of the countless units within 30 miles of our chapel. Father Larry would enter any office, shop, camp area or tent, approach the first person he saw, pound him on the back, and bellow, "Hello, ya louse."

At the time Father Larry arrived, attendance at our chapel Sunday Mass averaged only 150 because there were sufficient priests on the island to handle remote stations adequately, but over 500 men jammed the chapel to attend Father Larry's first Mass. Some traveled 50 miles.

He was ready for them. As was customary, I arranged his vestments in his office behind the chapel. Suddenly he peeked in from his makeshift confessional and whispered, "Put everything on the altar, champ."

Having learned not to question his actions, I obeyed. When the hour of Mass arrived, he popped from his confessional, his Redemptorist habit opened at the collar, welcomed everyone with a wide gesture, winked mischievously, and floated up the altar steps.

He turned to the crowd and said; "This is an amice." Holding it up, he explained its significance, continued the procedure until he was fully vested, and then started on the altar equipment. Finished, he left the altar, strolled ten feet into the chapel and, standing in their midst, gave the men the most walloping sermon they ever heard.

He knew the best way to win people was to tell them how wonderful they were. In five minutes, in his loud, racing, tenor voice, he convinced his listeners they were ideal Catholics and said he was certain every one of them would receive Communion at this Mass.

Of course, he said, he knew he had not heard all the confessions, but he would listen after Mass if anyone cared to go. The crowd that lined up before the confessional after Mass would have thrilled any parish priest at Easter.

Father Larry was in love with the priesthood. He fought to keep himself in the public eye by constantly doing the unusual. He got himself a radio program on the military station and was never satisfied unless he was mentioned regularly in the daily service paper. Some, naturally, accused him of being a publicity hound. When I knew Father Larry well enough to be honest with him, I told him what people were saying.

"That's not the idea," he explained. "We've got to keep the priests in the public eye. The men must realize priests are regular fellows who play baseball and enjoy pinochle. Once you

convince those guys that priests are human beings too, you'll have the men making the chapel a regular hangout and not just coming around when they're in trouble."

His greatest triumph resulted from a remark I casually made to him as we sat in his office one morning about two months after his arrival. "Say, Father," I said, "Why don't you give a mission? You're a Redemptorist; you're supposed to know all about those things."

He showed no reaction to my suggestion, and I thought he had not heard me. Two hours later he returned to the office bubbling with plans for his mission.

Like everything he did, he put on a tremendous show. We used to tell him he should have been a theatrical producer.

He used the facilities of old St. Joseph's cathedral in Noumea to every advantage. He had candlelight ceremonies, including an outdoor procession to a replica of Lourdes. The other priest-chaplains joined him at the closing service, when 15 of them gave their blessings simultaneously.

In the week of the mission, 15,000 men attended the services. It took three priests 45 minutes to distribute Holy Communion at the closing solemn high Mass. No mission ever had the same cleansing success. The men were so surprised by their new-found sanctity that it embarrassed them.

Only one thing frightened Father Larry: the praise of gratitude. Whenever he did anyone a favor he avoided

that person until he felt the gratitude had diminished. If he couldn't escape praise, he brushed it aside with an awkward gesture. He was a short, stocky, heavy-set man, and had the habit of grinning behind his hand when he thought he had put something over on someone.

Nor would he ever accept credit for the success of his endeavors. The Virgin Mary received all his plaudits for his work.

"Mary will do anything I ask her," he often said. And she did.

So much did he love Mass that it grieved him to know there were men behind him who did not understand what he was doing. For this reason he shocked some persons and endured the reprimand of several of his fellow priests by turning around before the prayers at the Consecration and saying, "Now watch me. You're going to see a miracle."

Once a month he recited the *Confiteor* and the *Pater Noster* in English so that the men could recite the prayers with him. Occasionally, he said Mass on a small table facing the congregation, to let everyone see what he did.

His farewell to New Caledonia was typical. He said his 1944 Christmas midnight Mass at an outdoor theater before 7,000 men. At the time he suffered from a very bad cold. After hearing hundreds of confessions, he approached a microphone and gave a

Christmas sermon which the men remember today. A few weeks later he joined an infantry division and entered combat with more prayers than most other men ever received.

On April 24, 1945, he was killed on Okinawa. A fellow priest-chaplain reported the death to his bishop, "On Okinawa, he was a dynamo, running all over to attend his men. About ten days ago he did what he was doing all through action: running out to wounded men before enemy artillery. This time the Japanese artillery got him, and another hero went to God."

That his death caused men to weep should be no surprise. His congregation, his small army of converts, the men in whom he inspired vocations, everyone who knew him, felt a deep personal loss.

A year after his death I was sent as a reporter to cover the first reunion in Chicago of an army division which passed through New Caledonia when Father Larry was there. As I was about to leave, I felt someone touch my arm. I turned and saw a young veteran who looked uncomfortable in his recently acquired civilian clothes.

"Weren't you Father Larry's assistant?" he asked. I said I was.

"Oh, golly," said the man, his face distorted with emotion and his voice clouded with a tear, "he was a wonderful priest."

And that, I think, is the finest thing anyone could say about him.

THE trouble with people who always say what they think is that they nearly always have unpleasant thoughts.

Mrs. T. C. Methvin

Sackcloth is not for horses

» Penitential Garb «

By ALBERT EISELE

Condensed from *America**



LUDWIG WISEL's Easter suit was brown with hairline stripes. Hairline stripes were in style this year and so was brown. Ludwig, now that he was in his 20's, was getting a new suit each year.

People were streaming to Mass, some pausing outside the church to visit with friends, others going inside, although the hour was still somewhat early. Ludwig Wisel went inside and walked forward to the family pew, where he genuflected and knelt down. Before kneeling he carefully pulled up each trouser leg.

Ludwig could hardly wait until Mass was over to be home and change into secondary Sunday clothes. He put his new trousers on a hanger and then surveyed them critically, to see whether the Easter services, the kneeling, standing and sitting, had blunted the sharpness of any of the creases, or left a telltale hint of bagging at the knees. Then he slipped the vest and coat onto the hanger, over the trousers, and hung the suit in the clothes closet. He hung it back against the wall, away from the light, where there would be no danger of the new cloth fading. There were some other garments on adjoin-

ing hooks, and these Ludwig removed impatiently; he wanted his new suit to hang perfectly free, with no other clothes even touching it.

He brought the offending garments out to the light; he found them to consist entirely of vests. Vests, seven of them, all that was left of seven suits of clothes. The sight of so many vests, all in such good condition, irritated Ludwig. Something was wrong, surely, with a civilization that permitted a suit to go to pieces, first in its trousers, then in its coat, but never at all in its vest, which ultimately found its way to the closet, where it hung intact but useless.

Being of a very serious, if not eccentric, nature, and being entirely devoid of a sense of humor, Ludwig began to brood on this subject of the vests. He lived on a farm, and trousers and coats that had lost their Sunday fitness could always be worn on weekdays. But who, outside of a barber, maybe, or bartender, could make use of only a vest?

The same fastidiousness that he accorded to his clothes Ludwig extended also to his mental processes. A leftover vest was a loose thread, which Ludwig

abhorred in other fields as well as the sartorial. He was querulous in matters economic, political, and religious, and it was in the last field that he was most quarrelsome, although here, as in others, he moved generally along the borderlands of zealot and fool. One Sunday the pastor spoke of misbehavior in church, which he denounced as sinful; and against this view Ludwig muttered for months, maintaining that under such circumstances the church would become an occasion for sin. Again, Ludwig was pained by the sight of abandoned prayer books and rosaries which he chanced to see lying in a box in the church basement. Why, he asked, should Catholics resign themselves to lost prayer books and rosaries when St. Anthony was available?

Curiously, it was on Easter Sunday that Ludwig Wisel's malcontent moodiness was at its highest and carried with it the sharpest resentment, for it was on Easter Sunday that he wore for the first time his annual new suit. And it was the Church itself that started a new suit on its road to ruin, since nothing was harder on new creases than the hearing of Mass. And didn't a person have a right to protect his clothes? Did the priest sit on his chasuble when he sat? No; the altar boys always lifted it carefully over the bench.

When Ludwig Wisel was 30 he married, out of the Church. His wife, while not hostile to her husband's religion, was indifferent toward it, and indifferent also as to whether or not

her husband practiced it. Having left the Church, he at once forgot it, or tried to, and turned his attention toward finding some use for his annoying surplus of vests.

Now that he was older and married he was no longer the fine gentleman of his youth, but he still bought more suits than the average man, and thus the vests kept accumulating. Those vests constituted a problem which he had long ago accepted as a challenge, which had taken hold of him like a vice and which now gnawed on him like a shoth gnawing on an old bone. But this was one problem that he was going to solve. He had begun to realize, as the years passed, that he had not solved the problem of his spiritual state. He had thought that he had solved that once and for all when he left the Church, but he hadn't really had much inner peace since. He had left the Church, but he had been unable to forget the fact that he left it. On Sunday mornings, during the Mass hour, he was uneasy. He didn't feel right. He began to long for the old Sundays when he went to Mass.

Painfully conscious of the fact that he had bungled the problem of his religion, he determined that he would not bungle the problem of his vests. He might fail in some fields, but he did not propose to fail in all. That the vests were probably not as important as his religion, he would grant, but a triumph was always a triumph, in winning a game of checkers as much as in inventing a flying machine.

Suddenly, one day, he had it. He

would make all those vests into fly-nets for his team of horses. Ludwig approached his wife and asked her if she would rip up all those vests and sew them together into two fly-nets about six feet wide and ten long.

"When I cannot even find time to do my own quilting, and you ask me to sew old vests into fly-nets!" exclaimed his wife, and she gave him a look that quashed the proposal forever.

Ludwig's disappointment was keen. There was nothing he knew of, outside of husking gloves, that wore out more quickly than horses' fly-nets, especially when made of canvas, gunny sacks or cloth. Fly-nets were used in hot weather and were subjected to a continuous round of salty horse sweat, scorching sun, stiff hot winds, and incessant fly fighting on the part of the horse. What a glorious feeling it would have been to Ludwig Wisel could he have torn away the remains of vest-fly-nets, ripped away and cast to the ground all those sweated, harness-worn, chaff-encrusted, fence-torn, stall-rubbed remnants that waved in the now chill wind! Alas, it was not to be.

The years rolled on, with Ludwig remaining troubled by his unsuccessful struggle against the vests, and equally troubled by his unsuccessful struggle in the matter of religion. Then one winter he found himself a widower, and he also found that he missed his wife sorely, now that she was gone. It was true that she always thought that he slept too long mornings and that often she aroused him in the

morning by pouring a jug of cold water in his face, with the jug seeming to say in its gurgling voice, "Get up! Get up!" Well, he deserved to be got out of bed by that method; he knew that he was slow.

Of course, there were many ways in which his dear wife might have acted more agreeably. When dinner was ready she sometimes shouted, "Let's feed the brute!" In muddy weather when he came to the door she always met him with a knife for scraping off his muddy shoes.

But she could be sweet, too. Once after a quarrel had been patched up she baked a nice cake and wrote on the frosting, "I Love You!" Another time he sold \$600 worth of hogs, and when he was ready to go to town to get the money he asked her if she wanted to go along, and she replied, "No. Just because you've sold \$600 worth of hogs is no reason why I should go along and buy out the town!"

Yes, he missed her very much, especially now when he lived alone in the small house in town to which the two had retired not long before her fatal illness. His youngest son, who had taken over the farm, invited him to live with him, but Ludwig said No, he would stick it out by himself. So he continued to live alone, with a dog, and with his 25 vests, which he had brought to town with him.

But if he had retired from the world, he had not retired from the two problems which had beset him for so long: his religion, and his vests. The one was

a spiritual, major problem, the other a material and minor one. Yet both, to him, seemed equally important, and neither allowed him peace of mind.

Nor was his stomach always serene, for his cooking was as eccentric as he himself. Finally he went to the doctor. The doctor said, "Job had an ulcer, and it was all over. You have an ulcer, too, but yours is only in the stomach. You are lucky. I'll put you on a diet, which should make you feel better."

The doctor's mention of Job caused Ludwig to dig up the neglected old family Bible and find out what he could about Job's ulcer. And in the 2nd chapter he came upon a phrase which almost miraculously pointed the way to a solution of all his problems.

He got out his 25 vests and began pulling them to pieces. First he at-

tacked the pockets; the threads protested and groaned, but gave way. Next he pulled at the outer fabrics, ripped out the various linings, split the carcasses into halves. Some of the vests were of sturdy material, and he was forced to put one foot in an arm-hole, and pull up on the other arm-hole.

But old Ludwig Wisel kept on, and soon he was standing in a sea of rags. He grabbed up those rags and draped them about his shoulders, in the fashion of one drawing on a cape or swathing himself in the dun habiliments of woe.

And now he at once began to feel better. He had offered atonement for his own sins. He had rent his garments. And next Saturday he would go to confession.



Good St. Joseph

*A*LITTLE Sister of the Poor called at the shop of a Chicago baker. She told him the Sisters had been receiving bread by donations from the stores, but the supply had been cut off because of the bread shortage. There was hardly enough bread for those who could pay, she said; and there was none for the poor. She told the baker that if he would give her some bread, she would pray to St. Joseph for him. The baker then gave her a few loaves.

Smilingly he said, "I do not know much about St. Joseph, Sister; but if by chance St. Joseph has any influence with the flour millers, I would deeply appreciate anything he can do, for we bakers need flour to live, just as the poor need bread. If St. Joseph can get me some flour, I'll give you all the bread you need."

He carried the loaves he had given her out to the station wagon.

Re-entering his shop, he was handed a telegram. It was from a flour miller in Missouri, and this is what it said, "Unexpectedly find we can let you have carload of flour, and it is now on its way."

The telegram was from a city in Missouri—St. Joseph.

Dale Harrison in the *Chicago Sun*, (17 June '46).

Bishops' Relief for War Victims

By KATHERINE MCKIEVER

THE PARIS office of War Relief Services—NCWC has a rather small staff, kept so busy turning out a very big job that no one has time to talk about what's being done. After several visits to the three little rooms on the 3rd-floor front at 140 *rue du Bac*—an ancient, sprawling edifice already known round the world as Motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul—I decided that the best way to get a story was to spend a day there watching the wheels go round.

Statistics are important to those who must know just what comes in and where it goes and why, and John B. McCloskey, director of the work in France, is prepared to supply these. But trailing Sister Regereau made the figures come alive for me.

I arrived a little before nine o'clock, but Sister Regereau had been up since four and on the job by seven. And when I left that evening, a little out of breath and creaking at the knees from climbing up and down two flights of steep, narrow, worn stairs, she was still going strong.

Old buildings have a clammy atmosphere impervious to heat, be it summer or winter, and 140 *rue du Bac* is no exception. The *chauffage central* was not marching, and the sunlight, I soon realized, had been left behind. Sister Regereau suggested that we start the

day by going through the morning's mail together.

There were scrapbooks prepared by children, many of them orphans and all of them in some way victims of the war, who had enjoyed healthful pursuits in vacation colonies for which WRS had provided about 120,000 crates of nourishing food. These books contained attractively arranged snapshots, programs, and other souvenirs, but best of all were the frankly childish thank-you notes, every one specifically thanking "the kind Catholics of the U. S." and indicating a reciprocal interest in American children.

Sister Regereau then asked me to look over her collection of pictures and pick out ones I thought would best convey to American Catholics just what their help means to the homeless, hungry, aged, orphaned, sick, and destitute, clergy and laity, prisoners of war and, perhaps the most pitiable of all groups, the permanently displaced.

One of the happiest groups pictured was a delegation from Elancourt, not far from Paris, where 300 orphans had been totally without bread when three sacks of wheat miraculously arrived. The boys had petitioned the blessed Mother for help and had promised, in return, to make a pilgrimage to the chapel of the Miraculous Medal. This shrine and the office from which the blessed Mother's help had come are

both located at 140 *rue du Bac*. The photo revealed gloriously happy faces as Mr. McCloskey, Sister Regereau, and other workers passed out candy.

As we sorted letters and photos, my hands grew colder and stiffer, and before long it was impossible to disguise the fact that I was shivering. Sister Regereau is a born hostess; she suggested that we move into Monsieur McCloskey's room, where it might be warmer. She must have been thinking of the sunshine of his smile and the warmth of his enthusiasm, for there was no vestige of heating apparatus elsewhere. Furthermore, the incessant ringing of the telephone was the signal for interesting but distracting conversations.

Have you ever tried to telephone in Europe? In normal times the system is none too good, and now, in a fuel-short postwar economy, the current weakens and sometimes dies altogether. A Brooklyn boy who probably developed exceptional lung-power rooting for "dem bums," John McCloskey had to draw upon it excessively during a conversation with WRS personnel in Vienna while trying to unscramble some difficulty involving a truck convoy of supplies. Several phone conversations dealt with the purchase of jeeps, blankets and other bedding, men's shirts and underwear, crockery, kitchen utensils, and so on, all of which, some \$250,000 worth in round numbers, was being obtained at bargain rates from War Surplus Commodities and would go to families whom war had left literally without

a shirt to their backs, or a pot for the *pot-au-feu*.

Telephone conversations vied with a constant stream of personal callers: a Ukrainian prelate, one of the few who isn't in a concentration camp; some Poles who would be if they dared return to their native land; someone seeking additional articles to meet the needs of German seminarians in a prisoner-of-war camp near Chartres; a missionary priest going home to New England for a visit after some years in Burma, most of them in an internment camp. He had reached Paris by plane, after months of waiting his turn, clad in castoff khaki; and there he was, stranded along with several thousand other Americans because strikes in the U.S. had thrown boats and planes off schedule. The next time we met, we were fellow passengers on the S.S. *Washington*, and he was properly clad in clerical garb by the organization. There called also a young Irish priest who had been serving as a voluntary chaplain with the U.S. Army and who, so far as I know, wanted nothing except to be friendly; also, two Latin-American nuns returning from a visit to Spain, and a North American priest who was on his way back to a mission in Brazil. And all the while, routine callers, persons in search of material or other assistance for themselves or for less fortunate neighbors, were being taken care of in the outer office. In the courtyard, trucks were being loaded with supplies which, in time, would be distributed from the various houses of the Daugh-

ters of Charity to the needy in 37 Departments of France, devastated regions, industrial slums, or sections where local food production is at its lowest. St. Vincent's Sisters carry out these missions in camions provided by War Relief Services.

When Sister Regereau withdrew from mundane affairs to follow in the footsteps of St. Vincent, she never expected to run a department store. But that's just what she's doing at present, a store where all the merchandise, some old, some new, was supplied by American Catholics. Compared with the executive quarters, the warehouse space is very large. A number of rooms opening on the court have been converted into storerooms, and these are none too crowded because Sister Regereau keeps supplies moving. A prudent reserve is kept on hand to meet emergencies, but there is no bottleneck. An American woman who lives in the vicinity of Chantilly and who happened to come in while I was there, to get shoes for an old man in her village, told me, "This is the one place where I can get help for needy people without a lot of red tape."

The discarded clothing and shoes disinterred from your closets and attics, at least that portion sent to France, were carefully sorted on arrival as to size and seasonable fitness by Sister Regereau and her assistants, then neatly piled in bins or on shelves. "When a young girl comes in, frequently someone of good family, and tells me that she has been unable to get a job no matter how hard she tries," this un-

derstanding Religious explained, "I say nothing to her about the way she looks; but I bring her back here on some pretense, and before she knows what it's all about, she has a new wardrobe from the skin out." Sister admits that she has become quite an expert in sizing up people, literally and figuratively.

One section of the supply room looks like an old-fashioned drugstore. Shelves contain surgical instruments as well as drugs. Some were supplied by surgeons and hospitals in the U. S. Though discarded they are still serviceable, and welcome to young doctors just out of medical school who could not have purchased them no matter how much money they may have had.

A few days later it was my privilege to be received by Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Paris. What he said to me about the activities in France of the War Relief Services—NCWC sums up very concisely my own impressions of the day spent at its headquarters, "the abundancy, profusion, delicateness and the regularity" of its material aid, and the far greater importance of the meaning of this aid, "a reason for hope."

"All France," Cardinal Suhard told me, "has been touched by both the solicitude and the tactfulness of the American people."

As for me, well, I was touched by the solicitude and tactfulness of Sister Regereau, and equally impressed by the efficiency with which a small staff of earnest workers is fulfilling a gigantic mission.

After 1400 years

THE BENEDICTINES

By BASIL STEGMANN, O.S.B.



THE bombing of the ancient abbey of Monte Cassino on Feb. 15, 1944, attracted world-wide attention. Fourteen centuries earlier, this monastery had been founded by the man who was to be known as the Patriarch of Western Monasticism, St. Benedict of Nursia. Arriving at Cassino in the early decades of the 6th century, he overthrew the pagan shrine of Apollo which stood amid the groves, and with its stones built two oratories, which he dedicated to St. Martin and to St. John the Baptist. There he gathered disciples about him, established for them a "school of the Lord's service," and gave them a rule destined to rank next to the Sacred Scriptures as a norm of Christian perfection. Instructing the people who lived near by and converting them to the true faith, he founded other monasteries and worked many miracles. All this St. Gregory the Great tells us in the second book of his *Dialogues*, wherein he sketches the spiritual portrait of the great abbot and forecasts the widespread influence of his institute.

It was St. Gregory himself, first Benedictine Pope, who inaugurated the large-scale cultural and missionary activity of the Benedictine monks which was to Christianize and civilize

western Europe. When in 596 he sent 40 monks to England, he established a monastic foundation so strong that it was later able to send zealous missionary monks like Sts. Wilfrid, Willibord, Willibald, and Boniface to transplant its roots back again to the Continent. At the same time, the Rule of St. Benedict spread north from Italy, so that by the end of the 8th century, through the patronage of the popes and Emperor Charles the Great, it was observed in monasteries throughout Europe. The political upheavals and barbarian invasions of the 8th and 9th centuries struck sharply at the roots of monasticism, but a force so intimately identified with the lives of the western nations could not be suppressed. In the 10th century the abbey of Cluny arose to champion the resurgence of Benedictinism and to become the very prop of the Church during the succeeding two centuries.

Then followed a period in which the great monastic tree produced stout and fruitful branches: the Camaldolesians, Vallombrosians, Cistercians, Silvestrians, Olivetans, Celestines, and others. Because those separate observances of the same rule were externally distinguished by the varying color of the garb worn by the monks, the parent

stock became known as the Black Monks, or simply the Benedictines. For the sake of unity, and at the suggestion of the Holy See, the monasteries organized into congregations in the 14th century. This system of federations remains today. Best known is the congregation of St. Maur in France, which between 1621 and 1790 produced Bénard, Mabillon, Montfaucon, Martene, and scores of other immortal scholars.

Like all Religious, the Black Monks suffered intensely and nearly perished during the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution, followed by the secularizing spirit of the age of enlightenment and the merciless sword of the Napoleonic wars. At the beginning of the 19th century, only 30 monasteries remained of the glorious Order which had once been so great in Europe. But true to its motto, *Succisa Virescit* (Cut down, it sprouts again), by 1880, when the Order celebrated the 14th centenary of St. Benedict's birth, there were 100 monasteries and 3,000 monks. The last official count (1935) lists 189 monasteries with well over 10,000 members.

The Benedictines in this country celebrated their 100th anniversary last September at St. Vincent archabbey, Latrobe, Pa. A century ago Dom Boniface Wimmer came to Pennsylvania from the Abbey of Metten in Bavaria, accompanied by several theological students and a dozen laymen. Through the firm faith and missionary zeal of those sturdy pioneers, their humble foundation has grown into the large

American-Cassinese Congregation of 16 abbeys. Similarly, monks from Switzerland came to the U. S. in 1854 and have since established five monasteries and three dependent priories. The Abbey of Fort Augustus in Scotland has also made two foundations, and the German missionary Congregation of St. Ottilien and the Beuronese Abbey of Maria Laach, one each. Altogether, the Black Benedictines in America number about 2,300.

The monk's daily life is a constant striving to seek God and serve Him perfectly. Prayer in common comes first. With his will consecrated to God by obedience, his heart detached from worldly things by the vow of poverty, and his body sanctified in celibate chastity, the monk is wholly devoted to God's interest. St. Benedict discreetly exacts of him two additional vows: the one of stability in the monastery, by which the local community is knit together into a true family, with the abbot as its spiritual father; the other of conversion of life, to insure the earnest striving for perfection. Herein we find at once the strength and the limitation of the monk as a factor in human society.

The closely controlled and supernaturally oriented activity of the monastic community is most useful to the individual as well as to society. The world has forgotten the immense value of prayer and penance. Yet the atoning and intercessory force of the contemplative monks continues to appease heaven and draw down God's blessings. Thus the cultivation of the

Church's liturgy has been the foremost traditional task of the Benedictines. Alongside this they engage in whatever activity the needs of the Church dictate.

Since the Benedictines first came to this country to provide for the spiritual care of the German immigrants, their primary external occupation has been conducting parishes and schools. They

are still predominantly in those two fields. Monks of several American monasteries also carry on mission work among the Indians and Negroes. Those works, however, which can be performed within the confines of the cloister, such as the cultivation of the sacred sciences, literature, and the arts, ever remain the monk's more immediate concern.

Ancient Order

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians was founded in 1565 during the so-called Reformation. The purpose of the organization was to protect the priests of Ireland from Henry VIII's spies and special agents who were bent on destroying them. When Henry threw off allegiance to the Pope he demanded that every priest take an oath of allegiance to him as spiritual leader as well as temporal ruler.

The Irish citizenry decided to form an underground organization to protect the clergy. They named it the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Members were pledged to secrecy. Priests were protected, children were taught religion behind the hedges in Ireland, and the people attended Mass and received the sacraments in the caves on the hillsides.

When the persecution ceased and

the Hibernians were no longer needed as protectors of the clergy they decided to expend their energies in other channels. Great numbers of Irish boys and girls were emigrating to the U. S. The Irish felt that the guiding hand of Hibernianism should protect them. Accordingly the organization was chartered in New York City in 1836.

The Hibernians helped maintain parochial schools and gave assistance through the years when disasters struck. They helped needy and worthy youths to receive higher education. They established a chair for the study of the Irish language in the Catholic university in Washington, D. C. The organization is still going strong, and is always ready to protect the Church and its interests as it has been doing for 400 years.

Anne Tansey in *Perpetual Help* (March '46).

JAPAN

By
CAPISTRAN FERRITO,
O.F.M.Cap.



is Waiting

Condensed from the
*Ave Maria**

"Teach me Christ"

WHEN Bishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., of Buffalo, was in Japan recently, he questioned a Spanish-born nun in Tokyo on the people's desire for religious instruction. She replied that Japanese came every day and rang the bell at the convent gate, saying, "Teach me Christ." Today, Japan is waiting for the Catholic religion.

During the 200-year period ending 80 years ago, the faith had been forbidden in Japan. Then in the 1860's, four French priests were permitted to enter certain port cities. One of them built a church in Nagasaki. All the Japanese stayed aloof from the church until St. Patrick's day, 1865. On that day a group came and asked the priest if he were married. Satisfied by his answer that he was a Catholic priest, the group revealed that they wore Catholics and that there were thousands more like them in Nagasaki and its environs.

From that time, Christianity leaped ahead. The little chapel at Nagasaki grew into the now bomb-shaken, historic Oura cathedral. The diocese of Nagasaki was established in 1891 and had a Catholic population of 60,000. This compares with the 283,491 Catholics in all Japan. The Holy Mount of

Martyrs, the principal place of Catholic pilgrimages in Japan, is in the diocese. Catholicism spread to other sections of the land so that Tokyo at the beginning of the war had at least 12 churches.

The 2nd World War came along and left destruction in its wake. An item in the Denver *Register* of Feb. 24, 1946, reveals the horrible effects of the conflict on the Church. Fifteen per cent of the priests in Japan were interned or repatriated. One died in prison, and four priests, 60 Sisters, and ten seminarians were killed in air raids. Of 54 churches in the principal cities, 30 were destroyed and ten badly damaged. More than half of the Catholic school buildings were demolished, and between 25 and 30 convents and monasteries reduced to rubble. The central office of the Catholic press in Japan was razed.

The greatest blow to the Church was the dropping of the fatal A-bomb on Nagasaki, Aug. 8, 1945. Urakami cathedral, said to be the largest Christian edifice in Japan, accommodating almost 5,000 persons, was almost entirely reduced to debris, only part of the front entry remaining standing. The Church of the Immaculate Conception, considered one of the most

beautiful in Japan, was destroyed. The church of the 26 canonized martyrs of Nagasaki was left standing with its windows smashed and part of its roof gone. According to final estimates, 8,000 of the 30,000 Catholics who lived in the city lost their lives.

A week later Japan surrendered. Soon American soldiers entered the Land of the Rising Sun and within a short time the Japanese were witnessing numerous scenes of American Catholicism. For example, a striking demonstration of the unity of faith was exhibited one day in December, 1945, at a Mass in a mission church at Niigata. Father Tomio Kakisaki, a Japanese, delivered a sermon at this Mass, which was attended by American soldiers, some Japanese Catholics, and several German missionary priests. The Japanese were deeply edified to see army officers and plain GIs kneeling with Japanese Catholics at the Communion rail, receiving the same God. Father Kakisaki prophesied that "a new era is already dawning for the Church in Japan."

No one knew this better than Pope Pius XII, who wrote the first apostolic letter of its kind ever sent to Japan. It was an answer to a letter sent to the Holy See by the Japanese hierarchy following their first postwar meeting in November, 1945. The message was read at a solemn pontifical Mass in Higija hall, Tokyo, marking arrival of the American Catholic representatives, Bishops O'Hara and Michael J. Ready of Columbus.

One section of the Pope's message

reveals his keen knowledge of Catholic activity in Japan. Expressing sorrow over material and spiritual losses, the Holy Father declared, "Your zeal and your faith, venerable brothers, do not waver before such ruins. You are already gathering your dispersed Christians; you are already at work replacing the burned walls, reopening new sanctuaries, repairing the breaches, both material and moral, in the Catholic establishments and works." He promised, "We shall not fail to exhort the superiors of missionary Congregations that they may send priests and Religious, who will be a precious reinforcement to you in the propagation of the Gospel of peace and love."

The Holy Father is fulfilling his promise. Last October the first large mission band to Japan since the war arrived in Yokohama. In the group were 35 nuns, one priest, and one Brother. Fourteen of the nuns were from the U. S. Ten are Notre Dame de Namur Sisters from Massachusetts, and four, Sacred Heart Religious from Albany. The priest and Brother were from Maryknoll.

The harvest is ripe in Japan. After her defeat the religious sentiments of the non-Catholics were shaken. People lost their faith in Shintoism and Buddhism and turned to Christianity. This will explain a recent gift of 300,000 yen by a wealthy Buddhist for erection of a chair of philosophy in the Imperial University of Kyoto, and a contribution of 200,000 yen to finance the project of translating St. Thomas's works into Japanese.

Large numbers of Japanese farmers, ex-soldiers, and professional men are turning toward the monastic life. Abbot Benedict Marvan, head of the monastery of the Cistercians of the Strict Observance in the province of Hokkaido, Japan, recently stated during his visit at New Melleray abbey near Dubuque that Christianity has its greatest opportunity in centuries to bring the Japanese into the Church. Many are knocking at the door of his monastery in Hokkaido, begging to be received into the Order. Many are not even Catholics yet. The Trappist life of silence and manual labor seems to appeal to them.

Father Samuel Rosenbaiger, O.F.M. Conv., veteran missionary to Nippon, now temporarily in this country, has been appealing for help for the seminary conducted by the Polish Franciscan Fathers in Nagasaki. Today, despite the war, the seminary is flourishing, but the large number of students creates a problem.

In Tokyo, the Mercedarian Sisters from Spain told Bishop O'Hara that 350 children come to their ruined convent school on alternate days. Some of them travel two hours a day to get a Christian education. The 30 Sisters rented the home of a Japanese gentleman, where 200 women are receiving instruction. Every morning 100 men come to Mass and stay for an hour's instruction afterwards, given by the priest.

A few months ago, Bishop Raymond A. Lane, M.M., Vicar Apostolic of Fuschun, Manchuria, and Henry Val-

torta of the Milan Foreign Missionary society, Bishop of Hong Kong, reported the conversion of 1,000 Japanese in three months. Bishop Lane was in a Japanese concentration camp throughout the war.

Bishops O'Hara and Ready visited the Urakami district, where they saw the destruction wrought by the atomic bomb. Two parishioners spoke to the American bishops, thanking them for coming. Father Patrick O'Connor, in an N.C.W.C. dispatch in the Brooklyn *Tablet* for Aug. 3, 1946, quotes one of the parishioners, "We regard our loss as a trial from God to make our faith firm. Now we are doing our best to rebuild our church and also doing our best to gain converts to replace the 8,000 Catholics killed." The other parishioner, a catechist named Paul, described the holocaust as a sacrifice through which religious liberty was won.

The two American bishops were welcomed by everyone, from native Catholics to Buddhist abbots and the emperor. In an ancient Buddhist temple in Kyoto, Bishop O'Hara spoke before a group of Buddhist abbots who had requested his advice on present conditions. One abbot mentioned the shaken faith of the Japanese in the gods of Shinto and Buddha.

Emperor Hirohito told of his warm admiration for the work of Pope Pius XII for world peace when he received the two bishops at the imperial palace. He added his own appreciation of the work that Catholic priests and Sisters are doing for the destitute, sick, and

orphans found everywhere in Japan.

On their return to the U. S., Bishops O'Hara and Ready were one in voicing enthusiastic hope for the Church in Japan. However, they pointed out, "It lies with American Catholicism to see to it that we do not have another case of 'too little, too late,' " in the efforts to realize the opportunities for the Church. Bishop Ready declared that "state Shintoism died when the A-bomb created a void that must and will be filled either by the Church or by communism. The Reds have set up four cultural centers in Tokyo, and although the Japanese show no sympathy for communism, by the very force of circumstances they might feel compelled to accept it unless the Church is prepared to make a mighty effort in their behalf."

According to Msgr. Patrick J. Byrne, former Prefect Apostolic of Kyoto, the Japanese "who have no interest in religion are looking to Christianity to save them from communism. That is what they dread, for the people look

upon communism as the end of Japan. The recent elections were an indication of this fear. Only five seats in the house were won by the communists, and this despite tremendous efforts to sway the people by Red propaganda."

Representative Michael Feighan of Ohio, returning from Tokyo, where he represented the House Judiciary committee at the war-crimes trials, declared, "If Christianity does not quickly take advantage of the situation, communism will move in. At present the majority of the Japanese resist communism, but its few adherents and organizers are abnormally active."

True Americans hope with Monsignor Byrne and Representative Feighan that Japan may prove the bulwark in the Orient against communism. However, this hope must be backed up by prayer, more missionaries, and donations to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The Japanese want Catholicism now. Shall American Catholics fail to answer their cry, "Teach me Christ"?

THREE years ago, when the old Catholic gentleman was still able to read, he decided to employ readers for his eyes. He had been a great reader, and now that his eyes had begun to fail he decided to employ readers. The young unmarried men studying for the ministry at the near-by Protestant seminary were attracted by his offer and signed up for the job. The first book on his list was *The Faith of Our Fathers*; the second, *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*, and so on. Five of the readers became Catholics and four of them became priests.

The Queen's Work (Dec. '45).



For Fellah Christians

Effort in Egypt

By CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Condensed from an
N.C.W.C. dispatch*

OUTSIDE the crowded villages of the "fellah," the Egyptian farmer, stretch the verdant fields he has tilled since the days of the Pharaohs; but inside the villages, he lives amid squalid tenement conditions. The fellah is not only poor, he is sick and ignorant.

The Catholic Church is trying to improve his condition by the establishment of free schools for the children and free medical clinics. Chief benefactors of this project are the Catholics and Orthodox Copts but the Moslems also are being helped.

In the five years from 1940 to 1945 the number of free schools in Upper Egypt was increased from 50 to 100 and the medical centers from 10 to 65. The financial outlay was made during the war and by the Catholics of Egypt. With the country cut off from European aid an association was formed with Father Henri Ayrout, S.J., as director to take care of financial needs as well as to supply volunteer doctors and nurses to assist the paid personnel.

The project has the enthusiastic support of all the schismatic groups, Armenians, Chaldeans, Greek Melchites, Latins, Maronites, and Syrians. The 1,200,000 Orthodox Copts, most of whom are fellahs, are the most ancient

and native of all Egyptian people. To build the modern Church on them is to build in a manner that is as solid and as native as the pyramids.

Catholic Copts today number 63,000 but this total is being increased at the rate of 2,000 yearly because of the social and educational work for the fellah. Father Ayrout took us to Aussim, not far from the pyramids, where 300 Orthodox Copts, deserted by their schismatic pastor, yet held on to their faith amid the 18,000 Moslems of the village. Our progress through the streets choked with camels, donkeys and crowds of people waving palm branches was a biblical ovation. Arriving at the schoolhouse, we saw written on the blackboard in large characters, "CATHOLIC COPTIC CHURCH," which meant very simply that all 300 of these separated Christians had decided to become Catholics.

Similar scenes are common in the villages of the Upper Nile, where the chief centers of the work for the fellah are situated. The fellah is assisted also in the large cities to which he has immigrated because of bad agrarian conditions. In Cairo we saw in the poorest slums in the city of 2 million souls a model clinic and school recently constructed for the 7,000 Copts there. The

*1312 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., Washington, 5, D. C. Jan. 6, 1947.

schoolrooms were clean and packed to capacity and the modern clinic was in full swing with a volunteer doctor in charge and two white-clad Sisters of Our Lady of the Apostles working continually on the long line of patients.

But Egypt is far from being a Christian country. Ninety-one per cent of its 18 million inhabitants are Moslems. Catholics today number only 227,100 but with the Orthodox Copts and other schismatic Christians constitute about 10 per cent of the total population. Yet in cities like Cairo and Alexandria one is surprised by the number of imposing Christian churches.

The new shrine to St. Thérèse in Cairo is run by the Carmelites for the Latin Catholics but the Moslems have more or less adopted it as their own. While services are going on large crowds of Moslems stand patiently at the gates, waiting to pay their respects to the Little Flower. The origin of the Moslem devotion to her, the Patroness of the Missions, is obscure. When the Carmelite Fathers several years ago wanted to build a new shrine they found that the government had reserved the property for a barracks. They took their case to the Prime Minister, who immediately granted per-

mission when he heard the shrine was in honor of the Little Flower. He had carried her medal since his school days at the Christian Brothers.

Curious things happen at the shrine. One day, about two months ago, the Brother Sacristan discovered a Moslem in the act of sacrificing a goat before the Little Flower statue in the crypt of the church. He said his son had been cured by the saint and that he was fulfilling a vow.

Relations between the Moslems and Christians are cordial. There is, for instance, a highly significant organization called the Brothers of Verity, composed of educated Christians and Moslems from the famous Mohammedan University El-Azhar, who meet frequently to discuss religious questions. Since Egypt is the intellectual center of the whole Moslem world, these conferences may have far-reaching echoes.

The Church in Egypt is small numerically but remarkably intelligent and progressive. There is no thought of living on the glory of the past centuries when Egypt was entirely Catholic. Its face is turned toward the future under the confident protection of the Holy Family, who once dwelt in the valley of the Nile.



THE first festival day ever officially recognized in the U.S. was St. Patrick's day. On March 17, 1776, the British evacuated Boston and the American soldiers took possession. General Washington, in camp at Cambridge, authorized the countersign "St. Patrick" and appointed an Irishman, General Sullivan, Brigadier of the day.

The Book of Our Lady of the Atonement (1945-46).



Red herrings and the Fisherman

U.S. at the Vatican

Condensed from the New York *Herald-Tribune**

By SUMNER WELLES
Former Undersecretary of State

*I*t is unfortunate that the controversy over Myron Taylor's mission as the President's personal representative at the Vatican should have recently flared up again, and this time in what appears to be an acute and even virulent form. The world is already so torn by intolerance, prejudice, and antagonisms of one kind or another that it is deplorable that the existing bitterness should now be accentuated here in the U. S.

The decision of the President to continue Mr. Taylor's mission, at least until peace has been restored, has been violently assailed and as vigorously defended. There is no need to question the motives nor the good faith of either side in the present dispute. But the form which the controversy has taken tends to obscure simple facts.

Demands for the termination of Mr. Taylor's mission have been based upon the following charges.

It is alleged that President Roosevelt's decision to send a personal representative to the Vatican violated the principle of the separation of Church and state. It is further asserted that the step taken circumvents constitutional

requirements. Finally, in the words of a recent protest, the Taylor mission is said to represent "one of the most dangerous chapters in modern secret diplomacy."

It is hard to understand the reasoning behind the charge that the policy inaugurated by President Roosevelt, and continued by President Truman, runs counter to the principle of the separation of Church and state. The appointment of a presidential representative at the Vatican cannot affect the provisions of our Constitution, nor shape our own internal policies.

From the purely juridical standpoint the territory known as the Vatican City constitutes a sovereign state. It is so recognized by the majority of nations.

At the outbreak of the war, almost every country except the Soviet Union and the U. S., whether constitutionally Protestant as in the case of Great Britain, officially non-Christian as in the case of Japan, or anti-Christian as in the case of Nazi Germany, had accredited diplomatic representatives to the Holy See. Those diplomatic missions had obviously not been appointed to extend the influence of Church over state.

The President is entrusted by the Constitution with the conduct of the

foreign relations of the U. S. If he is to carry out these responsibilities successfully he must be free to utilize the services of such agents as he may consider necessary to obtain the information he may require whenever that is not available through the normal channels.

The history of the foreign relations of the U. S. contains innumerable instances of the exercise of this right by American presidents. Personal representatives of the President have often been appointed where official diplomatic relations have not existed.

One reason why President Roosevelt sent his personal representative to the Vatican was his realization that the U. S. needed every possible shred of information which might assist it in prosecuting the war.

But I believe that an even more compelling motive was the President's

conviction that the Vatican represented a great moral force.

No unprejudiced American citizen, whatever his creed, can deny that the Vatican constitutes one of the most powerful moral forces in the world of today, and that Pope Pius has been an outstanding leader in the battle for the abandonment of policies of cruelty and of aggression, and for the adoption of principles that make for enduring peace.

It is impossible to deal seriously with the charge that Mr. Taylor's mission constitutes a dangerous "chapter in modern secret diplomacy." The foreign relations of the U. S. could not be carried on if every report rendered to the President by one of his agents abroad had immediately to be made public. Under such a requirement, the sources of American information would dry up within five minutes.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

DURING the sermon, a baby became restless and began to cry. The crying grew in volume until it filled the church, and it became plain that either the priest or the baby would have to stop.

"There are two of us preaching in this church at once," the priest said, "and I don't know which of us is giving the better sermon. When a baby cries in church, he is telling of two things. First, that there are babies in the family; second, that the mother has come to Mass with her baby. On the whole, I think the baby is preaching the better sermon and I'll let him get on with it. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Brigid De Vine in the *Universit*.

Boxer-Rebellion Martyrs

● By DOMINIC GILES, S.D.S. ●

Condensed from the *Savior's Call**

Saint Peter's basilica was ablaze with light November 24, honoring the beatification of 29 priests, Religious, and laymen who laid down their lives for Christ in China, July 5-10, 1900, at the hands of Chinese revolutionists. They do not stand alone in martyrdom, for they were chosen from nearly 10,000 Christians massacred in the Hunan and Shansi provinces in the bloody months of June, July and August, 1900.

In textbooks of modern history the Chinese Boxer Rebellion of 1900 is given scant mention as a military uprising. The Empress Dowager Tze-hi, Prince Juan, and General Tung Fu-Siang had forcibly seized the government from the young Emperor Kuang Hsu, to limit foreign encroachment in China and preserve China for the Chinese. The insurrection was squelched within six weeks by expeditionary forces of Germany, France, England, Russia, Japan and the U. S.

But the Boxer Rebellion was more than a brief struggle between a group of patriotic Chinese and their would-be partitioners. It was one of the most glorious chapters in the recent history of Catholicism.

Originating in the province of Shantung on the Yellow Sea, the Boxers were a secret society characterized by

resentment against the aggressor European nations and by excessive, unreasonable hate for the very name of Christian. For almost a year before the Allied Powers intervened they carried on an extensive persecution, adding thousands of souls (at least 90% of whom were their fellow countrymen) to the Chinese martyrology, second in numbers only to that of the Roman empire.

Comparable to the history of the martyrs from Nero to Diocletian, the accounts of the violent deaths of Catholics in China at the turn of the century are more interesting and more valuable since they were related by contemporaries and witnessed to under oath in the preliminary processes of beatification.

Most stirring is the martyrdom of nearly 200 Christians of the village of Changtsun. Daily, as the Boxers threatened their homes more and more, these Chinese prepared for martyrdom, saying the Stations of the Cross in a body in the church, recounting the glorious triumphs of the early Roman martyrs.

As a last hope of safety the officials decided that the entire village of 180 persons should go to Sienhsien where 3,000 Christians had taken refuge and, under the direction of two priests, Fa-

thers Becker and Wieger, had fortified the town.

Among this group was the family of Philip Chao. There was Philip himself; his wife, a pagan studying the Catholic religion; their two children, Mary, 18; and Peter, 7; and Philip's sister-in-law, Mrs. Chao-Kao-Chu with her two babies, Ignatius and Mary. It is from Philip's wife and his son Peter, who survived, that we know the details of the massacre.

From dawn to dusk the band of fleeing villagers wended its way across the burning plain. Hungry and weary, at nightfall they were still 14 miles from their destination. To stop for the night was almost certain death, for the territory was infested with Boxers. The leader of the party found a pagan boy who would act as guide. He then surrendered himself and his servant as hostages to the boy's parents, and the caravan moved on.

At dawn the pagan village of Li-Kia-Chwang loomed before the Christians. An early-rising villager sighted the caravan and spread the alarm; the pagans and with them a score of Boxers rushed down from the village. The driver of the first cart, Paul Nan, rushed to meet them, prostrated himself, and begged, "Let these harmless women and children who are fleeing from misfortune pass by to safety." A volley of six spears in his body was the answer.

With savage cries the pagans charged upon the carts. Women were beheaded; children were beaten to death. When the Boxers reached the

Chao cart and swiftly executed the sister-in-law, Philip's wife stood trembling piteously, clutching her young son to her breast, and mumbled feebly, "I reject religion. I apostatize."

Her daughter Mary pleaded with her. "Mother, do not say that. Pray with me. We will go to heaven together." Giving no heed to the mother and daughter, the Boxers passed them by.

After 36 Christians had been killed, a halt was called to the slaughter and the remaining were bound in the carts and taken to the headquarters of the Boxers in that district, Chang-Kia-Lin.

Arrived there, the Boxers, knowing of the Christian forces at Sienhsien but ignorant of their number and power, decided to hold the prisoners as hostages in the event of superior forces arriving from the Christian village. In the afternoon scouts were sent to appraise the situation at Sienhsien.

In the meantime all the men prisoners were forced to kneel in a line with their hands tied behind their backs, while guards standing watch put sharp edges on their swords. The women and children in the carts were moved to one side, and a large pit was dug before them. Throughout the hot afternoon a continual murmur of prayers arose from the baking plain.

When the scouts returned and announced that there appeared to be no movement in the Christian stronghold of Sienhsien, the Boxer chiefs appeared upon the hill overlooking the Christians held in custody. "Death to the Christians," they cried.

Echoing the savage order, the guards set to work. Along the line of kneeling men they moved. "Will you give up your religion?" With clock-like precision the heads of the men of Changtsun fell upon the yellow sand. To a man they were faithful to their faith.

The Boxers rushed upon the women and children crying, "Get down from the carts." Assisting the children the women obeyed. "All who will not deny their religion will be buried alive in this pit."

But the greatest Boxer massacre took place at Chu-Kia-Ho, one of the six Christian villages in Northern China which had been fortified and stocked with grain, arms, and ammunition against the approaching persecution.

In the village as spiritual, civil and military authorities, were Father Mangin, superior of the mission, and his assistant, Father Denn. Throughout the latter part of June and the early part of July the village of 1,800 made their final preparation as the Boxers could be seen assembling around the village.

On Sunday, July 15, the Boxers struck, almost took the village, but after intense fighting were finally repulsed. Again on the next day they attacked, but the Christians routed them and captured a small cannon. The Boxer threat would definitely have failed if imperial troops had not appeared on the scene just then.

After much intrigue and deception the Boxer chiefs succeeded in allying

with the government forces, and with an overwhelming army attacked Chu-Kia-Ho on July 17. All that hot afternoon and the next day through fierce bombardment the fort held. The stronghold's moat and ramparts, though hastily and inadequately constructed, were still too much for the besiegers. Then the Boxers hit upon a clever plan.

Early next morning they brought forward towers, erected on farm carts and equal in height to the village walls, manned them with crack riflemen, and attacked. Approaching the village from two sides the soldiers from these turrets threw boxes of gunpowder on the walls, blasting great breaches and killing hundreds. A little after 7 o'clock the defenders fired a simultaneous volley at the attackers, smashed their rifles, abandoned the ramparts, and the entire village repaired to the church to await death.

With the priests seated on either side of the sanctuary, vested in surplice and stole and surrounded by catechists, and with the body of the church crammed with a thousand of the faithful, they waited. Some few took up vantage points on the roof of the church and tried to hold the conquerors at bay.

At 9 o'clock, all resistance being at an end, the Boxers swarmed upon the church, opened the main doors and fired into the crowd. For over an hour they kept up the merciless volleying, although unable to aim through the dense smoke. One by one the Christians fell, but the murmur of prayers

never ceased, and the hands of the two priests were raised repeatedly in absolution.

Father Mangin was mortally wounded and fell forward on his face. Revived by the catechumens, he asked to be moved to the altar, where, prostrate on the steps, with Father Denn kneeling beside him, he waited the end. Suddenly the thatched roof caught on fire and the flame quickly spread. Breaking their way through a window, some of the men fled from the church, preferring death by the sword to death by fire. Only a few apostatized and were given their freedom. By

noon the village was demolished and 50 of the 1,800 inhabitants, who still survived, were marched off to the Boxer headquarters to be executed.

As time goes on and the accounts of the Boxer victims are investigated further by the Holy Father, more Chinese may be raised to the honors of the altar. Then China, as Rome of old, will have its St. Cecilia and St. Catherine, virgin-martyrs; its St. Pancratius and St. Tarcisius, children-martyrs; its St. Sebastian and St. Ignatius. Then, too, will that name which has been China's for centuries be truly verified—the Celestial Kingdom.

Great and glorious



ST. PATRICK



By JACK WHITE

Condensed from the *St. Francis Home Journal**

IN THE NAVE of a Cromwell-ruined church in Downpatrick in Northern Ireland lies the body of St. Patrick. The foundations of the church still may be traced; and good authority states that in a house close by Ireland's patron saint died on March 17, 465.

Across the deep and rolling plain is the district of Antrim, in which he, while a slave boy, herded swine for his cruel pagan master, Chief Mulchio of Deledidra.

During the first half of the 5th century and the breaking up of the Roman

empire the Irish chiefs and princes were a marauding band of heartless pagans. Led by ruthless sea captains, they made predatory raids on the coasts of England and Scotland. Then in search of richer booty, they visited France, Spain, and Portugal, where many of the inhabitants were seized and sold as menial slaves to Irish landholders.

In one of these raids King Nial of the Nine Hostages, who was at that time the Ara Ri or ruler of Erinn, kidnapped a boy in Gaul, brought him

*Capuchin College, Herewood Road, Brookland, Washington, D. C. March, 1941.

across and sold him to Mulchio, a farmer in Deledidra (now known as County Antrim). This boy was St. Patrick, instrument of providence for the conversion of pagan Ireland.

In the first part of his *Confession* St. Patrick tells that "while playing in the yard of his parents' home he was seized by the Irish king." He also states that his age was 16 and that his father's name was Calproniūs, a magistrate in the town of Tarrabannae "near where I was made captive." (Boulogne is built on the ruins of Tarrabannae).

He also states that "when a boy he was negligent in his duties of religion." The harshness of his pagan master, however, and the loneliness of the marshes in which he herded swine brought God into his heart, and he recited as many as 100 prayers a day, and the same at night while resting in a wind-swept hut.

While herding the swine he grieved to see the people around him buried in ignorance and gloom. For six years he slaved and worried. He learned Gaelic. Toward the end of his sixth year of captivity, one night while he was asleep a voice called and said, "Patrick, thou hast followed well my footsteps. Arise, dress and go down to the sea where a ship awaits which will take you across to your own country." Without a murmur he jumped out of his bed, turned his face eastwards, and hurried through fields and along boreens until he arrived on the shores of Carlingford lough.

He rested for a moment on the brink of the ocean and gazed around him,

then beheld a ship. Sailors were hurrying about on the deck and he saw there was but little time to linger. Walking along to the end of the rough jetty, he asked the captain for passage across to Gaul.

"I don't know who you are," he snapped. "Go, before I fling a board at your head."

St. Patrick turned away and was hurrying along the shore when he heard a voice calling. "I have changed my mind. Come along, I shall give you passage across the sea."

"With a heart filled with the goodness of God," he states in his *Confession*, "I went on board the ship, which was in trade with my native country, and after three days reached land at a point not far from where I was taken captive."

When he arrived home a few days later his parents were overjoyed to see him. Friends and relatives came and went from the house in a continuous stream to see him and welcome him home. But the little boy whom the neighbors looked on as not of a religious turn of mind had found God in the marshes of Antrim and had already decided to be a priest.

He tells us also that "while in my father's home the cries of the Irish pagans were ever in my ears, calling on me to return and deliver them from the darkness of idolatry and the grinding heels of the druids."

Armed with a letter from the bishop of his native town he was taken under the guidance and tutorship of St. German of Auxerre where he had oppor-

tunity to study the Scriptures. Ordained priest in his 39th year, St. Patrick taught in the monastery at Leirns, which was a renowned seat of Christian education. It was here that St. German heard the story of St. Patrick's slavery and of the pagan darkness that enveloped Ireland, known as the Isle of the Godless.

Leaving St. Patrick in charge of the college in Leirns, St. German with two other bishops visited Britain to undo the mischief of the heretic, Pelagian, and there learned more about the conditions of the Irish people. On his return to Rome he urged the Pope to delay no longer before deputing a mission to Erinn and recommended that Patrick be sent. For some unknown reason, however, Pope Celestine deputed Palladius, a Briton and a newly consecrated bishop, to carry the Gospel to Ireland.

Palladius landed in Wicklow in the spring of 431 and succeeded in fewer than nine months in converting 2,000 to Christianity, building four churches and ordaining six priests. Owing, however, to the never-ceasing agitation of the druids, he became very unpopular with the people of the district, whose ways and speech were strange to him. Fearing assassination, he sailed from Dublin to England in December, 431, and died six weeks later in Scotland.

When news of the failure of Palladius reached the Pope in a letter from the Bishop of Warwick in England, St. German summoned St. Patrick to Rome, where he was kindly received by the Pope. He was consecrated bish-

op, and received the crozier which has played such a prominent part in Irish song and story. Then taking him by the arm, the Pope set him on the chair of St. Peter. Standing over him he said, "With missionary powers I invest you. Go you at once to pagan Ireland and bring that land of darkness to the Christian world."

Three days later St. Patrick, accompanied by two newly ordained priests, Fathers Benedict and Isernius, started out on the trip to Ireland and reached the shores of Wicklow on April 10, 432.

Three times St. Patrick and the two young priests endeavored to land on the rugged headland and three times they were beaten off by the hostile natives led by half a dozen yelling druids. Night coming on, the three missionaries went on board their boat, and the following morning at 11 o'clock made a landing at Balbriggan in the northern extremity of County Dublin.

It is plainly stated in the *Confession* and in the saint's *Letter to Coroticus* that "on learning from a fisherman of the great annual festival which was to open that night at sundown, I at once realized that the feast was a pagan rite to the god of Erinn. I informed my two assistants of the nature of the festival and we decided to visit Tara without delay. We agreed on this step, because in Ireland we were trespassers and were at any moment liable to arrest." In the *Confession*, St. Patrick tells that "without breaking fast he and his assistants turned their faces toward Tara and arrived within view

of the palace as the day was drawing to a close."

In Ireland's pagan era it was part of the false-god festival to light a huge bonfire on the walls of Tara palace after the last sunbeam had disappeared from view. It was also a law punishable by death for any resident of the country, prince or beggar, to kindle a fire in home, field or mountain from sunrise to sunset on the eve of the great annual feast until after the "adored" was honored by king and chief druid.

St. Patrick was fully aware of this ancient law, for during his six years of captivity he was compelled to eat uncooked food on those fireless days. Perhaps the whole pagan rite came back to him as he and the two young priests climbed the side of Slane within a mile of the palace and just as the last sunbeam disappeared, lighted a glaring fire of gorse, wood and heather, the flames of which might be seen from the courtyard in Tara.

When King Laori was informed of the fire on the hill of Slane, he was beside himself with rage, while princes and chiefs gathered in the palace halls could think of nothing else except that Erinn was invaded by the savage Britons. The old druid Furlou, who was feared by all in Erinn, was asked by the king if the fire were the act of madman, rebel or pretender to the crown. Furlou gazed at the flames, pulled on his grey beard, then turned to those by his side.

"King of Erinn," he nodded, "on the hill of Slane a bright fire do I behold, fire that if not quenched tonight,

never will be quenched in Erinn." The king in grief called to the captain of the palace guard and ordered a march on the hill of Slane.

"You may have to fight," he cried, "but fight like king's soldiers and either kill or arrest the man or men who dared defy my laws."

In less than an hour the soldiers returned with their three prisoners, St. Patrick in the lead dressed in bishop's vestments, bearing in his right hand the crozier given him by Pope Celestine and reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as he stepped lightly on green-hide sandals.

The king, druid, queen, and princes questioned St. Patrick closely as to his business in Erinn and what he came for. The great saint told of his purpose, told of God and of Christ crucified. "I came to tell of the real and true God who sees all and knows all. I came to tell of heaven beyond the grave and of the eternal punishment that awaits you, after death, if you deafen your ears to the word and call of almighty God."

St. Patrick's knowledge of the Gaelic language stood him well on the hill of Tara. It is said on good authority that for two full hours he addressed the crowd who listened with gaping mouths and silent tongues to the great works of God and the history of man from the fall of Adam to the birth and crucifixion of Jesus Christ, "Who came on earth to point the road which led to the kingdom of His Father."

The story of the plucking of the shamrock that night on Tara's hill

when the king and druids doubted the Blessed Trinity is so universally believed and so often repeated that the whole act most likely occurred. St. Patrick, however, makes no reference to the tri-leaf plant in his *Confession*.

There is no record that the king became a Christian, but his queen was baptized that night in the courtyard of the palace while her two daughters, Princess Eihera and Princess Fethlimia looked on, waiting their turn at the fountain.

In St. Patrick's *Letter to Coroticus* he states, "Bidding farewell to Tara, where I made 200 converts among the royalty of Erinn, I journeyed southwards through Kildare preaching Christ in towns and villages and baptizing the inhabitants by the thousands who flocked to my tent in the evenings."

Although it was St. Patrick's intention to reach Wicklow as quickly as possible because his predecessor had built four churches and ordained six priests there, it was three years before he reached even the district of Rosa, where a young priest, son of a local chief, defied the druids and their followers to destroy the little wooden chapel where he preached to the few Christians who still dared to attend Mass.

For four years St. Patrick preached through the six counties of Thomond or Munster, driving the druids before him from district to district. In those four years he built 300 churches and ordained 400 priests. Before he crossed the Shannon into Clare one of the two

young priests who accompanied him from Rome, Father Benedict, was consecrated Bishop of Waterford, where he remained until his death.

In Clare, Galway, Mayo, and Leitrim the march of St. Patrick was one of triumph. The people met him in groups of hundreds and cheered as he drew near. For seven years he remained in Connaught, where he built 500 churches and ordained more than 1,000 priests. To Father Isernius, his assistant, he gave the See of Tuam in Galway before crossing the hills of Leitrim into Donegal, where he worked and preached for three years.

Perhaps St. Patrick found the days of toil wearing down his health and kindly heart. Leaving Donegal, he journeyed through the North of Ireland in search of a spot where he might erect his cathedral, and in the County of Armagh, not over 50 miles southeast of the marshes where he had herded swine, he beheld a green hill rising out of a rolling plain.

"On this hill I shall build the cathedral for all of Erinn," he said; "here on this green hill will our house to God stand forever."

In Armagh St. Patrick lived till the end of his life. Never a very robust man, he made a journey into County Down and died in what is known today as Downpatrick, a little town to the east of Belfast. In Downpatrick cemetery lies his body, while from heaven his soul looks down on the Irish people who, despite famine, hunger, persecution and death have kept the faith he brought them.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Farnum, Mabel. *THE SACRED SCIMITAR, Life of Blessed John de Brito.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 168 pp. \$2.50. Seventeenth-century India was the mission field chosen by a young Portuguese Jesuit. His success in winning converts and his reward of martyrdom, stirringly told for younger readers.

648

Gwynn, Denis. *LORD SHREWSBURY, PUGIN AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.* Westminster, Md.: Newman Bookshop. 156 pp. \$3. Patron of a revived ecclesiastical architecture under Pugin and of a more aggressive Catholicism in England, Lord Shrewsbury here receives due recognition for his leadership before the years of Newman's influence.

649

Herriman, George. *KRAZY KAT; with an Introduction by E. E. Cummings.* New York: Holt. 190 pp., illus. \$3.75. Comic-strip adventures of an idealistic cat with an astounding malaprop vocabulary.

650

Leacock, Stephen. *THE LEACOCK ROUNDABOUT; a Treasury of [his] Best Works.* New York: Dodd, Mead. 422 pp. \$3.50. Shrewd nonsense and satire laid over a base of encyclopedic learning. Leacock humor that has stood the test of years.

651

Lochemes, Sister M. Frederick, O.S.F. *WE SAW SOUTH AMERICA; a Diary of Two Franciscan Nuns.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 308 pp., illus. \$3. A year's travel by plane, rail, highway. Especially interesting for descriptions of the educational work being carried on by the Church in all the countries visited.

652

Sanderson, Ivan T., compiler. *ANIMAL TALES; an Anthology of All Countries.* New York: Knopf. 510 pp., illus. \$5. True and fictional, possible and impossible stories. Fine collection, with introductions by the editor that set the geographic and climatic scene for each account.

653

Sheed, F. J. *THEOLOGY AND SANITY.* New York: Sheed & Ward. 407 pp. \$3. Excellent, interesting book on what God has told us about Himself, ourselves, and our destiny. We cannot live safely nor sanely without theology, of which this should long be the best popular presentation.

654

Stefansson, Vilhjalmur, editor. *GREAT ADVENTURES AND EXPLORATIONS, from the Earliest Times to the Present, as Told by the Explorers Themselves.* New York: Dial Press. 788 pp., maps. \$5. Extended comment by the explorer-editor gives setting for original narratives, shows how they correspond with modern facts of geography.

655

Von Grunebaum, Gustave E. *MEDIEVAL ISLAM, a Study in Cultural Orientation.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 365 pp. \$4. The rival civilization to the East and South which pressed on Christian Europe for eight centuries. A view of its internal workings: religion, law, society, personal ideals, and letters.

656

Waugh, Evelyn. *WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD.* Boston: Little, Brown. 314 pp. \$3. Prewar travels in the Mediterranean, Abyssinia, African East Coast, and South America, by the author of *Brideshead Revisited.* Descriptions and many anecdotes set forth in a remarkable style.